Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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GREETINGS TO OUR COLONEL

BY THE EDITOR

"There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia, and help us."

WELCOME, sir, to our country! Grateful as we were for the momentary distraction afforded by your passing call, our craving is for a prolonged visit, such as distant relatives are prone to make upon occasion. Unlike their arrivals, however, yours is most opportune. We need you—all of us. You have heard the call of the Moose. Listen, and you shall hear the braying of the donkey. Even the elephant trumpets with unbecoming exultance of spirit. And the tired—the very tired—business man! From the depths of his dejection he stretches forth his arm to grasp the hand that once did smite him sorely. Wilson's tenaciousness is beginning to weary us. We are sick of Bryan. We want Our Colonel.

Now what are you going to do—and say—to cheer us up? When you returned from the Undoubted river you appeared, not, of course, beaten to a frazzle, but somewhat worn and frayed. Clearly, the propounding of pertinent queries at that time would have been inconsiderate at the least, perhaps, indeed, unduly harassing; but now you have

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5407

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lost your resemblance to Job, have recovered from the inevitable effects of monkey steaks and mosquito bites, have discarded the unwonted cane, and have regained the determined vivacity which for so long constituted your distinctive personal charm and your chief political asset. The wedding, too, we read, was both joyous and noteworthy, a pleasant occasion having been reported by all; and the royal geographers listened calmly to your temperate discourse upon the hills and dales and unsuspected running brooks of far-off lands. Assuming then that the traditional fiddle is not now more fit than your own variegated self, we no longer hesitate to exercise the parental prerogative and to ask you plainly, What are your intentions? Honorable, no doubt; but "whit way," as the Scots inquire, does your fancy point? Toward the old love, so long so true and yet so brusquely jilted, or to the new affinity who in your absence has pined away to the merest shadow of her former robustness? Or would you turn polygamous and take them both? Speak, Our Colonel, and tell us! The President, to say nothing, for once, of the Secretary of State, would like to know. And so, indeed, would all of us.

Perhaps you have not decided. Seemingly, at any rate, you had not when you sailed away. The widely heralded bugle-call which you cannily left behind for publication on Monday morning when overshadowing news is scarce was hardly a bleat. It was not like you, in the first place, to begin a pronouncement with an apology. True, as you pleaded, you had been absent nearly eight months and therefore had "not been able to acquire the necessary information" that would enable you to "respond intelligently to many of the inquiries" made of you. A diplomatic utterance surely, but hardly such as we are accustomed to regard as Rooseveltian. When, pray, in the glowing history of omniscient didacticism, did mere information become a requisite of intelligent response? For this unprecedented hesitancy there must be a reason. What can it be? Misgiving of judgment or only the instinctive prudence of advancing years?

"When I return from abroad," you continued, "I shall at once take up actively the political situation. It goes without saying that I intend, to the utmost of my ability, to do all that I can for the principles for which I have contended and for the men throughout the country who have

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stood so valiantly in the fight that the Progressive party is waging and has waged for these principles."

A comforting reassurance, mayhap, to the aspiring ones who so valiantly burned their political bridges when they followed, followed you; and yet how unlike the thrilling adjuration to stand at Armageddon and battle for the Lord! But let you proceed:

> There is wide-spread apprehension among our people. The pinch of poverty is felt in many a household. We cannot ignore the conditions which have brought about this state of things. The cost of living has not been reduced. Not the slightest progress has been made in solving the trust question. It has been shown that the reduction of the tariff in no shape or way helps toward this solution.

That times are psychologically somewhat trying is reluctantly admitted even in Washington, where disagreeable facts percolate slowly; necessary retrenchment in personal expenditures has followed inevitably and perhaps advantageously; but there is no overcrowding of almshouses as yet, despite the quite common dearth of employment in manufacturing communities. True, regardless of the ebullient Mr. Redfield's insistence to the contrary, the cost of living has not been reduced; but would it have diminished under Our Colonel's guidance? Did it?

"The high cost of living," we are told upon high authority, "is due partly to world-wide and partly to local causes; partly to natural and partly to artificial causes. The measures proposed in this platform on various subjects, such as the tariff, the trusts, and conservation will of themselves remove the artificial causes. There will remain other elements, such as the tendency to leave the country for the city, waste, extravagance, bad system of taxation, poor methods of raising crops, and bad business methods in marketing crops. To remedy these conditions requires the fullest information, and, based on this information, effective government supervision and control to remove all the artificial causes. We pledge ourselves to such full and immediate inquiry and to immediate action to deal with every need such inquiry disclosed."

The quotation is from the platform of the Progressive party. Is it reasonable to suppose that these many inquiries could have been made and that truly remedial "action" could have been taken to produce actual results in the few months that have elapsed since Mr. Wilson was

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inaugurated? Lowering the rates may not reduce costs materially even after a full trial, but it is the only remedy so far suggested and it cannot yet be fairly pronounced a failure. You thought so yourself, Our Colonel, once upon a time, but when the day came to act you hurriedly forsook the fox and dashed madly off at full cry in pursuit of a rabbit. What, moreover, said the Progressive platform?

"*We demand tariff revision because the present tariff is unjust to the people of the United States. Fair dealing toward the people requires an immediate downward revision of those schedules wherein duties are shown to be unjust or excessive.*"

There is no room for argument here, Our Colonel. Democratic action conformed precisely to the Progressive pledge. If the one was taken in error, the other was made in fault. The grave defect in the new tariff lies, not in costs, but in the loss in revenue ensuing from the President's ill-judged insistence upon removing the tax upon sugar.

"Not the slightest progress," you declare, "has been made in solving the trust question." We frankly concede grave misgivings as to whether the Administration measures passed by the House of Representatives tend to clarification or confusion of existing law, but how idle it is to assert, in the face of these acts, that nothing has been done! Too much and too hurriedly, we should say. The truth is that the trust problem was solved nearly a quarter of a century ago, when the Sherman Act was passed. Recent experience has demonstrated beyond question the efficacy and adaptability of that law. The trouble arose from the refusal or failure of previous Administrations to enforce it. Permit us to refresh your memory. The organization of large combinations began in 1898, but proceeded so slowly that their total capitalization at the end of two years was barely three billions of dollars. Between January 1, 1900, and January 1, 1904, nearly nine thousand plants were combined under an aggregate capitalization of more than twenty billions. During this period one Theodore Roosevelt, elected as Vice-President, was serving as President under a pledge to "carry out McKinley's policies." In 1904, as you may recall, he was chosen to succeed in his own right, and the work of consolidation proceeded so thriftily, without let or hin-

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drance, that at the end of his term the total trust capitalization had reached the enormous sum of thirty-one billions of dollars. There was no lack of law to prevent the formation of these great combinations. The Sherman Act was on the statute-books as it is to-day, when nobody would dream of attempting to organize a monopoly. But it was not enforced. If it had been, there would be no " trust question " now awaiting " solution " by President Wilson or anybody else. And in truth there is none. The courts are gradually but surely undoing the work which was illegally done under a personally conducted Administration which held itself under peculiar obligation to its " very good friends." Under the circumstances, Our Colonel, might it not be the part of your newly acquired prudence to avoid the pointed discussion of the " trust question " which is bound to ensue from criticism of President Wilson's honest endeavors, however injudiciously directed, to reestablish competition?

What you might do and what we wish the President would do is this: Urge the enactment of laws which would enable American manufacturers to compete with their rivals in foreign markets upon an even basis. Every other nation encourages combination for that purpose, and there is every reason why we should and no reason why we should not do likewise. Whatever may be our differences respecting domestic policy, whatever may be the relative advantages of " regulation " and " competition," we owe it to our producers, our manufacturers, our merchants, and our workingmen to present a united front in strife for trade throughout the world. It is a wholly practicable proposition, as we shall demonstrate in due time; but it seems not to have appealed or perhaps occurred to the present Administration. But you, Our Colonel, in your own well-remembered words to the late Mr. Harriman, are a business man and surely can realize the idiocy of a condition which compels the export of nearly two billions in value of raw products as against only eight hundred millions of manufactures. Meanwhile, let us resume our political cogitations.

After declaring somewhat reservedly your intention to speak up for your valiant lieutenants from Maine to California, you say:

> But I believe that this fall my chief duty lies right here in the State of New York. I doubt whether there is a State in the Union that shows

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more conclusively than this State the dreadful evil of the two-boss system in political life. The people of this State, the honest people, the good citizens who wish clean and efficient government, no matter what their party affiliations may be, are growing bitterly indignant with a system which provides for the seesaw of the Murphy and Barnes machines in the government of this State. There is not a State in which the evils of bi-partisan boss rule are more concretely illustrated than right here.

Under such rules it is absolutely impossible to get decent and effective government. It is impossible to secure fair treatment for the honest business man, for the honest wage-earner, or for the honest farmer. From the canals and highways downward each branch of the government has been administered primarily with a view to the political advantage, and often with a view to the personal enrichment, of different political leaders. No advantage whatever to the people at large can possibly come by keeping this system and substituting under-bosses of Mr. Barnes for under-bosses of Mr. Murphy as the beneficiaries of the system. I believe the time has come to clean house in New York.

And I believe that all right-minded people ought to act together without regard to their ordinary party differences in a determined effort to accomplish this task and to destroy the malign and baleful influence of both the Barnes machine and the Murphy machine in this State.

This has the old-time ring. The blending of redoubtability and astuteness, too, is perfect. It is quite safe to denounce Murphy and Barnes; they have no friends. The reference to "all right-minded people" is capital also, especially when taken in connection with your previous expression of confidence in the nobleness of "the rank and file of the Republican party"; it illustrates your breadth and tolerance on the eve of an election. But has nobody told you that, while you were moving mountains and shifting the courses of streams, the New York Legislature passed a Direct-Primary Bill which confers upon the voters the power to nominate candidates for all State officers? You have no longer to advocate this great Progressive principle; it has been adopted. The rule of the people is established. Murphy and Barnes can cast but one vote each out of a total of more than a million. The wrong-minded bosses are down and out; the right-minded rank and file are in the saddle. So you perceive, Our Colonel, that, mayhap to your regret, there is nothing further along this line to talk about. Can you doubt for a moment that "the people of this State, the good citizens who wish clean and efficient government" will voice their "bitter indignation" at their respective primaries? Certainly not. Armageddon is taken. The battle is won. Now we shall see what we shall see. Pennsylvania and Penrose point the way.

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"The economic conditions," you say, "are such that business is in jeopardy and that the small business man, the farmer, and the industrial wage-worker are all suffering because of these conditions. The truth simply is that the only wise and sane propositions, the only propositions which represent a constructive governmental progressivism and the resolute purpose to secure good results instead of fine phrases, were the principles enunciated in the Progressive platform in connection with the trusts and the tariff alike. Our policies would have secured the passing around of prosperity and also the existence of a sufficient amount of prosperity to be passed around. Throughout the country all I can do to emphasize these facts will be done."

Why say the "small" business man? Is not the large manufacturer also "suffering because of these conditions"? It is not becoming to make a purely demagogic distinction. And, if it be really true that adoption of your policies would have achieved prosperity and passed it around, how does it happen that business is virtually at a standstill? Not only, as we have noted, does the new tariff conform to the Progressive pledge, but it was enacted with the aid of Progressive votes. The new Trade Commission Bill, too, is precisely in line with your demand for "a strong Federal Administrative Commission" designed to "maintain permanent active supervision over industrial corporations engaged in interstate commerce, . . . doing for them what the Government now does for the national banks, and what is now done for the railroads by the Interstate Commerce Commission." Few, indeed, of your presumably popular proposals have escaped the eagle eye of the managing director of the Democratic party. Even the Presidential primary has found in him an academic champion. In some respects, indeed, as you must admit, he has outprogressed the Progressives, most notably, perhaps, in sacrificing his declared convictions to the demands of organized labor. You would not have done that. In fact, you refused to do it in a positive declaration that will stand everlastingly to your credit. The one conspicuous policy which the President has not appropriated from your collection is the Recall of Judges and Judicial Decisions. But we observe, Our Colonel, that you yourself seem to have shelved that awe-inspiring principle for the time being. In any case, you did not advert to it once during your stay with us. We

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wonder why. Can it be possible that you heard a loud whisper from Republican headquarters to the effect that, of all your notions, this is the only one that definitely bars the way to complete reconciliation?

We have already directed your attention to the obvious pining away of your political affinity. So, doubtless, did the more valiant of your lieutenants during your many conferences. But did they indicate the full extent of that decline? Did they tell you that only 48,253 of the 444,389 Pennsylvanians who voted for you participated in the recent Progressive primaries, while simultaneously the Democrats lost 160,000 and the Republicans actually gained 55,000 and polled 80,000 more than both combined; that recent bye-elections of Congressmen resulted as follows: In Iowa, Republican gain 2,000, Democratic loss 7,000, Progressive loss 10,000; in New Jersey, Republican gain 4,000, Democratic loss 4,000, Progressive loss 4,000; in Maine, Republican gain 8,000, Democratic loss 3,500, Progressive loss 6,800; in Massachusetts, Republican loss 1,900, Democratic loss 6,000, Progressive loss 5,500; in West Virginia, Republican loss 1,700, Democratic loss 9,000, Progressive loss 9,500; that in New York the Progressive enrolment has dwindled to a beggarly 110,000 as against 390,000 votes cast for you in 1912; that in California the Republican enrolment exceeds that of either Democrats or Progressives by more than 100,000; that South Dakota, which gave you 10,000 majority, has recently elected a stand-pat Republican United States Senator by 9,000; that the recent State election in Arkansas showed Republican loss 8,000, Democratic loss 15,000, Progressive loss 13,000; that in the Maryland Senatorial election the Republican vote increased 20,000 and the Progressive vote decreased 50,000; that in Schuyler County, Pennsylvania, the Republican enrolment increased 10,000 and the Progressive enrolment decreased 9,000; that in Allegheny County, where Taft received only 24,000, the Republican enrolment now is 127,000; that Omaha, Nebraska, shows Republican gain 4,000, Democratic loss 4,000, Progressive loss 5,600; that the Republicans swept St. Louis at the spring election and carried the leading Progressive district in Chicago; and, finally, that few, if any, Progressives have been elected to the legislatures of States which gave you the strongest support?

What is the true portent of these amazing Republican

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revivals accompanied invariably by corresponding Democratic reversals and Progressive recessions to the vanishing-point? Commenting in the January number of this REVIEW upon "The President's Vision" of but a single cloud in the sky, we ventured to remark:

> True, a complete union of Republicans and Progressives at the forthcoming elections is beyond power of accomplishment, even though an understanding should be reached by the leaders. With only Republicans and Democrats in the race, a certain proportion of the Progressive vote would go to the Wilson candidates. Whether this percentage would suffice to offset the effect of Democratic disaffection in States like New York and Illinois is a question. Whether it would overcome the far greater and incalculable consequence of continuing and increasing business depression, lack of employment for hundreds of thousands of workingmen, and disgust at income taxation, added to the normal reaction which invariably follows a Presidential victory, is even more problematical. Enough has been said, in any case, to show that little dependence can be put upon faith in maintaining a majority simply because it is large; the record of 1894 indicates how quickly it may disappear entirely. Nor, in our humble judgment, should too much reliance be placed upon a continuance of Mr. Roosevelt's obduracy. None realize better than that most astute of politicians that, to win the Presidency in 1916, he must (1) defeat Mr. Wilson in the Congressional elections and incapacitate him for the remainder of his term, (2) avert further disclosure of the numerical weakness of his own party, and (3) reconcile Republicans and business men generally to his candidacy. For ourselves, we shall be greatly surprised if the movement looking to a union of forces already inaugurated by Mr. Roosevelt's personal lieutenant, Comptroller Prendergast of New York City, does not eventuate in sharply drawn lines between the Democratic party and the Opposition in the coming November elections.

Few now, we suspect, in the light of the recent political happenings noted above, would deny the warrant for this apprehension expressed six months ago. Even the President seems at last to perceive the writing on the wall if, as reported, he gave, as a reason for forcing so many Democratic measures at this session, his desire to clear the way for *non-partisan* legislative work thereafter.

But we are not now discussing the Democratic predicament. It is yours and your party's that is under consideration. And here we direct your attention to a most significant change in sentiment. Three months ago, Our Colonel, you were complete master of the situation. Republicans without number who had execrated your name, especially in 1912, had become so thoroughly dissatisfied with the Wilson Administration that they stood ready to accept even you,

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chiefly, no doubt, as the lesser of two evils, but not unwillingly at that.

Not so now! The protracted business depression has borne so heavily upon the Democratic party in public estimation that these Republicans no longer feel that they need you. The wisest and shrewdest of them are convinced that the great mass of voters, for one reason or another, but chiefly because of their inability to prosper, have become so embittered that they await only an opportunity to repudiate, for the time at least, not merely the party in power, but all in the guise of governmental interference and governmental control regarded as radicalism that the party stands for. And this antipathy is reckoned to comprehend you, Our Colonel, and your policies no less than the President and his. It is "a plague o' both your houses," in the minds of these observers, who firmly believe—and not, we opine, without some basis of excuse—that the pendulum has already swung so far back that the spirit of conservatism is bound to dominate in the coming elections. There lies before us a communication from one whose sagacity you have often recognized, whose advice you have often heeded, and whose name, if presented, would carry to your mind the greatest weight. He writes as follows:

> What do you think of a "psychological" depression? The present situation satisfies me because I think I can see, first, that Roosevelt's nomination and election by Republicans are impossibilities; second, that Wilson will be beaten for the Presidency; and, third, that the situation is to be most amusing in watching Theodore study a way out of the dilemma in which he finds himself. Abuse of Wilson is going to increase the Republican vote, not the Progressive vote. He does not look forward even to a canvass of Pennsylvania with any degree of confidence, and if he goes in and measures swords with the old Boss and is beaten and the Boss is returned, his prestige will receive a very severe blow. He finds his Progressive friends who put up the money for him a good deal embarrassing at present, and a voyage to Spain after he has looked over the ground is a relief. Meanwhile Wilson is "satisfying the conscience of the country" by utterly unnecessary laws whose effect certainly will be "psychological" both in dimunition of business and in diminution of votes.

Whether or not or to what extent we concur in this view is beside the mark, but we do say this: If, as you have announced, you shall go into Pennsylvania and make attacks upon the Administration the basis of your campaigning, and if the President, as he has announced, shall also

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take the stump in Pennsylvania for the purpose of repelling your assaults, Senator Penrose will be re-elected by an overwhelming majority. You, the master politician of your day, can hardly fail to recognize this certainty. The President may not. With all his subconscious astuteness Mr. Wilson is likely to mistake his real adversary. It was quite obvious, for example, in 1912, as you may or may not recall we warned him from the outset that it was you, Our Colonel, not Mr. Taft, whom he had to beat; and yet he persisted in directing his fire at the weaker contender. Now the situation just as clearly is reversed by the changed conditions, and, judging from his declaration of purpose, Mr. Wilson has yet to be apprised of the fact. But that is his affair, concerning which we shall address to him words of friendly counsel at some future time when you are not listening.

Meanwhile, in resolving your own ticklish problem, consideration must of course be given to the unescapable facts that the coming contest will lie between the two old parties; that the Progressives no longer hold the balance of power; that telling assaults by you upon the Administration will serve only, as the wise man quoted above remarks, to make Republican votes; that Mr. Wilson's return fire may again be misdirected; and that the more vigorous and acrimonious your discussion becomes the more common will be the bestowal by an exasperated people of a plague upon both and the more certain and easy will be the election of Republican candidates.

That is the true situation. Now again we ask: What, Our Colonel, are you going to do?

Clearly, as you remark, your first duty is to your own State. And here are perplexities in abundance. That you will be able readily to reconcile the differences between Gifford's Brother Amos and Sir George Perkins we have no doubt. The unamiable brother can find no political abiding-place other than the shadow of your wing, and the gallant knight's material support is not to be ignored. Moreover, as the *Times* observes truly and greatly to your credit, "One of the Colonel's admirable traits is standing by his friends." Sir George may or may not have smuggled into or pilfered from the Progressive platform a plank relating to trust regulations; but what boots it? His views are yours and yours are his, and Gifford's Brother Amos must

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adjust his to coincide or noisily step aside. It is not the risen tempest that should annoy you; it is the fact that it is in a teapot, so greatly has your party shrunken.

"No, brethren," you said to the reporters on the quarter-deck, "I cannot talk about fusion now." Not then! You needed time for reflection, and took it as decisively as you took Panama. Meanwhile, as you may have heard, the vigilant Mr. Hearst proffers Grecian favor and hints at co-operation somewhat after the manner of Carranza. "If Mr. Roosevelt," he says, "shall conscientiously support such men and such policies [as suit Mr. Hearst] he will secure support from many unexpected quarters, from many Democrats who no longer find Jeffersonian Democracy or any spirit of patriotic loyalty or any hope of national prosperity in the Democratic party." This has a pleasing sound, but observe, Our Colonel, that the First Chief of the Independence League will consent to no armistice, and demands, as a *sine qua non* of mediation, the head of Elihu Root and repudiation of Henry Cabot Lodge, at whose residence, in preference to the White House, you dined when in Washington.

Can the demands of this rigorous taskmaster be met? We fear not. Consider for a moment the cause of Mr. Hearst's unceasing vilification of Mr. Root. It is the speech which he delivered in Syracuse accusing Mr. Hearst of instigating the assassination of President McKinley. But it was not Mr. Root's declaration; it was yours, made "with the full knowledge and authority" of yourself, the President, by a member of your Cabinet speaking at your request and by your direction. You will readily recall how reluctant Mr. Root was to perform the task, how at first he positively refused, and how finally he complied, solely from a sense of loyalty to your Administration, in response to your vehement insistence that it was absolutely necessary from the standpoint of party. Mr. Root knew full well that he was inviting newspaper objurgation without stint, and he has had it from that day to this in what Mr. Wilson would call "ungrudging measure."

You, the instigator, escaped for the simple reason that Mr. Hearst regarded your representative as the more vulnerable. That you should now join hands with the man whom you pronounced measurably responsible for assassination against a Secretary who only did your bidding is to

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our mind unthinkable. Praise be, Our Colonel, your moral fiber is not of the variety that permits of disavowal of faithful service for purely selfish advantage. We perceive here no possibility of coalition.

Word comes from Spain that you are prepared to approve of fusion of "Progressives and Progressive Republicans"—why not also Progressive Democrats?—and that, having constituted yourself a primary, you would designate Mr. Whitman for Governor and Mr. Straus for Senator. Don't do that! They might win and, if they should, the Republican ticket in 1916 would be most probably Borah and Whitman—a combination quite too formidable for pleasing contemplation by avid Democrats. No, no, Our Colonel; run yourself! Give the disconsolate Democrats at least a fighting chance!

We beg of you, too, as a sportsman, to nominate a Progressive candidate for Congress in every district. Think how many more of your policies may be realized if the Democrats shall have two additional years in which to strive, let us say, as one! Remember the Republicans—how they threw out your delegates in Chicago; how they nominated Taft against your express wish and still hold him to be reputable; how they reviled you on the stump as a traitor and an ingrate; how they sneered at Armageddon; how they abused Albert Jeremiah Beveridge; how they snickered at Sir George; how they tried to discredit Grandbrother Lyman Abbott as a brewer of coffee; how they said you drank liquor and told stories and Heaven knows what all.

Forgive them? Never! Rather extend to the sympathetic enemy the help so sorely needed. It is one of your glories that you have always stood for the under dog. Consider, then, that the Democrats would be a minority in the House of Representatives at this moment if the opposition had been united against them, and imagine what will happen in November if the Republicans have a clear field! Study the significant record of recent elections presented above, and read with care the following statement of an unhappy political plight from the sharp-eyed *Argonaut* of California:

> Much, of course, will depend upon Mr. Roosevelt himself. His gifts are great. His opportunity is exceptional. The Democratic Administration has failed at vital points. It is not solving the great issues with respect

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to which its assurances were positive. It is in many ways hurting the prosperity of the country. It is disturbing and complicating our foreign relations. It has brought us to the verge of an unnecessary and foolish war and is likely to lead us still farther. It is failing at the point of administrative competence. In brief, it is disappointing the country—it tends to nothing less than to deepen the universal distrust of Democratic capacity for efficient and prosperous maintenance of all the varied interests dependent upon the intelligence, the consistency, and the force of governmental policy. It would be idle to deny that all this makes a situation curiously suitable to Mr. Roosevelt's peculiar genius.

Thousands upon thousands of the right-thinking men whom you, Our Colonel, love are being convinced or deceived by constantly reiterated assertions such as these. The situation is grave, very grave—and you alone can save it. Will you not act (along the lines indicated, of course) promptly, patriotically, progressively, and prettily?

Macedonia cries to Armageddon for help from Gideon's band!

IS COMPLETE SURRENDER INEVITABLE?

We acknowledge receipt of the following inquiry from Mr. P. A. Wilting, of Denver:

SIR,—The writer has read with much interest your article on the proposed labor exemption from the Sherman law. As you state, the President seemed set against permitting the amendments that the union leaders demanded; but, since your article was written, he seems to have gone over to the Gompers crowd, bag and baggage, greatly to the surprise and disappointment of the writer and other friends and supporters. Is this the fact?

It is with no little chagrin that we express a fear that it is indeed the fact. In no other way does it seem possible to account for the President's unexpected display of the white feather. The original sop to labor unions appeared in this section:

That nothing contained in the anti-trust laws shall be construed to forbid the existence and operation of fraternal, labor, consumers', agricultural or horticultural organizations, orders, or associations operating under the lodge system instituted for the purpose of mutual help and not having capital stock or conducted for profit, or to forbid or restrain individual members of such orders or associations from carrying out the legitimate objects of such associations.

Thus far but no farther, the President firmly declared, would he go in discriminating between classes of American citizens; but Mr. Gompers demanded more in this form:

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Nor shall such organizations, orders, or associations, or the members thereof, be held or construed illegal combinations or conspiracies in restraint of trade under the anti-trust law.

The House of Representatives, sitting under the threatening eye of Mr. Gompers, promptly adopted this amendment, and it is now in the Senate. The Gompers members voted for it under the belief that it flatly prohibits the enjoining of labor unions as in restraint of trade, no matter what they may do; the Administration Democrats accepted it upon the President's reported interpretation that it means nothing; and all candidates for re-election were only too willing to pass the real responsibility on to the courts. Some of the Representatives who cravenly belied their convictions doubtless hope that the Senate will strike out the provision as it struck out a similar one fourteen years ago, but there is small reason to anticipate such an outcome. The Democrats will follow their leader, and the Republicans will—in fact, can—do hardly more than see to it that the blame is placed where it belongs. There is still time for the President to retrace his fateful step, but apparently he has decided to take the plunge and trust to luck and cuttlefish practices. It is a hazardous performance. Even the *World,* the foremost supporter of the Administration, balks at the undertaking, saying frankly and plainly:

In its original form the bill was intended to put legitimate combinations of labor upon an equality with legitimate combinations of capital. As all criminal law recognizes intent, it was felt that there could be no reasonable objection to the safeguards thus thrown around industrial organizations which are not in their essence trusts, monopolies, or conspiracies. The amendments, however, go far beyond this. They plainly exclude labor organizations, lawful or unlawful, from the operation of the anti-trust law. They plainly assert that certain acts, often criminal in their nature, shall not be illegal when committed by labor unions or their members.

The bill as drawn contained many wise qualifications which, in fact, safeguarded the true rights of labor. The amendments are without qualification, and if enacted into law will constitute class legislation which can hardly survive judicial examination. Why waste time and energy upon them?

Whether or not this undoubted "class legislation" will "survive judicial examination" is a question. President Taft, in common with Senators Edmunds, Evarts, Pugh, Coke, Best, and George, held such discriminatory measures to be manifestly unconstitutional no less than contrary to

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sound public policy, but it is by no means certain that the Supreme Court as at present constituted will take that view. The contrary, indeed, seems to be indicated by its latest decision. In the case brought by the State of Missouri to exclude the Harvester Company, the defendant corporation claimed that the law was unconstitutional—

> Because said statute arbitrarily discriminates between persons making or selling products and commodities and persons selling labor and service of all kinds, in that each section of said statute applies only to articles of merchandise, and not to labor or services and the like, the prices of which are equally and similarly determined by competition.

The Supreme Court rejected this plea upon grounds set forth in these words:

> These contentions may be considered together, both involving a charge of discrimination—the one because the law does not embrace vendors of labor, the other because it does not cover purchasers of commodities as well as vendors of them. Both, therefore, invoke a consideration of the power of classification which may be exerted in the legislation of the State. And we shall presently see that power has very broad range. A classification is not invalid because of simple inequality. We said in Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway Co. *v.* Matthews (174 U. S., 96, 106), by Mr. Justice Brewer: "The very idea of classification is that of inequality, so that it goes without saying that the fact of inequality in no manner determines the matter of constitutionality." Therefore it may be there is restraint of competition in a combination of laborers and in a combination of purchasers, but that does not demonstrate that legislation which does not include either combination is illegal. Whether it would have been better policy to have made such comprehensive classification it is not our province to decide. In other words, whether a combination of wage-earners or purchasers of commodities called for repression by law under the conditions in the State was for the legislature of the State to determine. . . . The foundation of our decision is, of course, the power of classification which a legislature may exercise, and the cases we have cited, as well as others which may be cited, demonstrate that some latitude must be allowed to the legislative judgment in selecting the "basis of community." We have said that it must be palpably arbitrary to authorize a judicial review of it, and that it can not be disturbed by the courts "unless they can see clearly that there is no fair reason for the law that would not require with equal force its extension to others whom it leaves untouched."

This means, in a word, that the Supreme Court refuses to accept the responsibility which rightfully attaches to legislative bodies, and gives warning that it can no longer be utilized as a buffer to enable the Congress to evade the consequences of its cowardly performances. Although the ambiguity of the Gompers amendment clearly was designed to afford the President the excuse of which he promptly

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availed himself for revising his declared position, this decision seems to have closed even that loophole, and, if he should sign the Bill, he must do so with full knowledge of its probable effect.

Simultaneously, as a consequence of his original concession to political expediency, it is practically certain that Mr. Wilson will have to face another condition even more trying because wholly unsusceptible of misinterpretation. Precisely as we predicted months ago, the insatiable Mr. Gompers continues, like the daughters of the horse leech, to cry, Give, give! When the President signed the Sundry Civil Bill, which forbade the use of a specific appropriation in prosecuting labor unions, he excused his act upon the ground that other funds were available for that purpose. Mr. Gompers has now deprived him of that pretext by forcing into the Appropriation Bill this sweeping proviso:

> Enforcement of anti-trust laws: For the enforcement of anti-trust laws, including not exceeding $10,000 for salaries of necessary employees at the seat of government, $300,000; provided, however, that no part of this money shall be spent in the prosecution of any organization or individual for entering into any combination or agreement having in view the increasing of wages, shortening of hours, or bettering the conditions of labor, or for any act done in furtherance thereof not in itself unlawful.

The House of Representatives meekly acquiesced, and it is reported that the Senate Committee has already signified its approval. If the President should now say simply that he will veto the Bill if it comes before him with this proviso included, there would be nothing for the Democratic Senators to do but to strike it out. But there is small prospect of his taking this course. It is far more likely that he will make no sign until the Bill reaches him, and then, while perhaps again sternly pronouncing such limitation "unjustifiable in character and principle," will weakly plead, as before, that he cannot kill the proviso without depriving thousands of suffering employees of their wages appropriated by the Bill as a whole, and then attach his signature.

It can hardly be expected or hoped for that, after having shown the white feather, President Wilson will now refuse to make his surrender complete, thus definitely repudiating the fundamental principle of equality before the law and fixing upon the Democratic party the odium of exempting a class from prosecution for criminal offenses.

But the penalty—the penalty that must be paid!

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OUR ILLITERATES: WHO AND WHY

A RECENT Congressional report declared the existing illiteracy in the United States to be "a disgrace to the nation." The word was strong, but not altogether undeserved. Any considerable prevalence of illiteracy is discreditable to any civilized state. In the United States, moreover, some phases of illiteracy, which we shall presently specify, are so flagrant as to merit the harsher word. Indeed, the general statement sounds sufficiently appalling—that in 1910 there were 5,516,163 illiterates above ten years of age, or 7.7 per cent. of all that part of the population. Worse still is the fact that there were among these 2,273,603 adult males, enough to turn the scale in any national election ever yet held. It does seem startling to say that the balance of electoral power is held in the United States by men who cannot read nor write.

Generalizations are, however, unsafe and unconvincing. In order to appreciate the purport of illiteracy in this country we must look beyond the statistical totals to some of the details, so as to perceive who these illiterates are, and why they are illiterate, and what classes of them are increasing or decreasing, and why. If we do this, the problem will assume a materially different aspect.

Our illiterates are to be divided into four major classes, besides certain almost negligible classes, such as Indians, Chinese, etc. These four are:

I. White people, of American birth and parentage; of those of whom, more than ten years of age in 1910, 1,378,884, or 3.7 per cent., were illiterate. That record is undoubtedly a grave reproach. It is the more grave, it is disgraceful, when we consider the proportion to which such illiterates rise in some States. In Louisiana 15 per cent. of the whites of American birth and parentage are illiterate; in North Carolina more than 12 per cent.; in South Carolina, Alabama, and Kentucky, more than 10 per cent.

II. White people, American born, but of foreign parentage. Of these children of immigrants, above ten years of age, 155,388, or only 1.1 per cent., are illiterate. In only one State, Texas, does their percentage of illiteracy reach 10. They are thus much superior to those of American parentage, and are indeed by far the least illiterate of all four classes

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III. White people, foreign born; or immigrants. Of these of the designated age 1,650,361, or 12.7 per cent., are illiterate. That is a regrettably large proportion, but it is not a "disgrace to the nation," at least not to this nation. We are not responsible for it. We are responsible for their presence here, but we certainly cannot be held to account for their illiteracy, original or continued.

IV. Negroes, all American born and practically all of American parentage; of whom the truly appalling number of 2,227,731, or 30.4 per cent., are illiterate. For these we are responsible. We made them illiterate, and we are keeping them so.

Now while the percentage of the first-named class is much smaller than of the third, the actual number of its illiterates is nearly as large. That is to say, there are almost as many white natives of American parentage who are illiterate as there are immigrants. Precisely one-fourth of all our illiterates are white men and women, born in this country of native parents. That is one of the most discreditable features of the whole situation. It appears the more so by contrast with the second of these classes, American-born children of foreign parents. The much lower rate of illiteracy among the latter is attributed to various causes, but chief among them must be reckoned the superior ambition of the immigrants and their keener appreciation of the need of education, and of the opportunities for getting it, which their children here enjoy. Having been deprived of or denied such opportunities themselves in the Old Country, they are eagerly determined that their children here shall enjoy them to the full. Many an observer of our schools can testify to the fact that children of immigrants are, of all, the most faithful in attendance and most diligent in study.

Against the depressing statement of the gross number of illiterates, which appears in the report to which we have referred, is to be placed the encouraging fact that the actual number and the percentage of illiterates are both steadily and even rapidly decreasing. Despite our enormous growth in total population, and despite the enormous influx of immigrants such as President Wilson has described as "men of the lowest class and men of the meaner sort, unlikely fellows," there are actually fewer illiterates in the United States now than at any other time in the last thirty years at least, while, of course, the percentage is very much lower

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still. In 1880 there were 6,239,958 illiterates, or 17 per cent. In 1890 the maximum number was reached—6,324,702, or 13.3 per cent. In 1900 the number declined to 6,180,069, or 10.7 per cent. In 1910 it was 5,516,163, or 7.7 per cent. That has been a noteworthy decrease in percentage in thirty years. Equally noteworthy is the actual decrease of 663,906 in the last ten years.

It is to be observed also that this decrease, both in actual numbers and in percentage, has occurred in all of the four classes excepting the third, and that even in it there has been a decrease in the percentage. The actual number of illiterates of foreign birth has increased, but not as much as the total number of aliens in this country. In 1890 they were 13.1 per cent. illiterate; in 1900, 12.9 per cent; and in 1910, 12.7 per cent. This unfortunately cannot, it is to be feared, be attributed to an improvement in the quality of immigration. It is probably due in great measure to the more general sending to school of young immigrants between the ages of ten and fourteen years, and to the higher death-rate among illiterate than literate adults. In the other classes the decrease of illiterates from 1890 to 1910 has been in the first, from 7.5 to 3.7; in the second, from 2.2 to 1.1; and in the fourth, from 57.1 to 30.4.

Another significant fact is that in all classes except the third the percentage of illiteracy is highest among the old and lowest among the young. Thus among American-born whites, the first class, the percentage of illiterates is 7.6 among those over sixty-five years of age; 5.6 among those between forty-five and fifty-four; 2.8 between twenty and twenty-four; and 2.2 between ten and fourteen. The same condition has prevailed at each of the former censuses. The percentage of illiterates between the ages of ten and fourteen was 6.7 in 1890, 4.4 in 1900, and 2.2 in 1910.

In the third class, that of immigrants, this rule does not prevail, excepting that in the youngest age, from ten to fourteen, the percentage of illiteracy is only about one-fourth what it is on the average; another proof of the attendance at school of such aliens. The percentage at that age is also steadily decreasing. It was 5.9 in 1890, 5.6 in 1900, and only 3.5 in 1910. There has also been a marked decrease at all ages above forty-five years. But at all ages between fourteen and forty-five there has been, and still seems to be, an increase in the percentage of illiteracy. These circum-

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stances are presumably due to the causes already ascribed to the decrease in the general percentage of illiterate immigrants, and also to the returning to Europe of many of the elders.

The fourth class, that of the negroes, is the largest of all, and in some respects the most formidable and difficult to deal with. Yet it is the one for which we are most responsible, and the continued existence of which is most discreditable to us. It presents, in respect to the variation of percentage of illiteracy according to age, precisely the same phenomena that the first class, American-born whites of American parentage, does. Illiteracy is highest in the oldest and lowest in the youngest. The difference between the two extremes is, however, much greater than among the whites. At from ten to fourteen only 18.9 per cent. are illiterate, against 74.5 per cent. above sixty-five. At all ages, however, there has been a marked decrease of illiteracy at every decennial census. At from ten to fourteen the percentage was 39.8 in 1890, 30.1 in 1900, and 18.9 in 1910. At above sixty-five in the same years it was, respectively, 90.2, 85.4, and 74.5 Of course, nearly all those at the latter age were born and spent their childhood in a time when negroes were enslaved or were not admitted to ordinary school privileges.

It is obvious, then, particularly in the contrast between the school-age figures for 1900 and for 1910, that we are making much progress in the education of the colored race, or at least in removing from the nation the reproach and disgrace of its illiteracy. Nor is the combating of illiteracy among immigrants being neglected. In city and country more and more night schools are being established for the instruction of adult immigrants in the English language, and the requirements of naturalization and other circumstances and influences are more and more impelling both men and women to improve the opportunities thus offered to them.

It will be profitable to note briefly some tendencies of the public-school service, which must be, of course, the chief agency for the abolition of illiteracy. It is an interesting circumstance that the percentage of school-age population to the total population is markedly decreasing. If we went back a century the decline would be startling. Going back only so far as 1870, the percentage of school age was then

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31.26, in 1880 it was 30.03, in 1890 it was 29.45, in 1900 it was 28.16, and in 1910 it was 26.48. This decline, too, has been in the face of an inclination in some places to extend the limits of school age so as to include a larger proportion of the population. We must attribute it to various causes, including the well-known decrease of the birth-rate, increased longevity, and the influx of adult immigrants.

At the same time the schools have been increasingly diligent and efficient in gathering in scholars. In 1870 their total enrolment was only 17.8 per cent. of the total population and scarcely 57 per cent. of the school population. In 1880 it was 19.6 of the former and 65 of the latter; in 1890, 20.2 and 68; in 1900, 20.4 and 72; and in 1910, 19.3 and 73. This increase of from 57 to 73 per cent. is to be attributed to various causes, conspicuous among which are the establishment of kindergartens and the better enforcement of the compulsory education and truancy laws.

With these processes in operation, and with a recognition of these conditions, causes, and circumstances of illiteracy, the statistics which have been quoted become far less alarming than they might otherwise be. It is bad enough to have so many illiterates among us. But it is encouraging, and even inspiring, to know that both positively and relatively their number is steadily and rapidly diminishing, through the operation of influences which are likely to continue that diminution at an accelerated rate. We are not yet the most literate of nations, but we are immeasurably further from being the most illiterate. Indeed, taking into account our two enormous elements of negroes and immigrants, to which there is no counterpart in any other nation, our record for literacy is probably unequaled in the world. Or if it is not so to-day, the processes now in triumphant operation will soon bring that consummation to pass.

COMMENT

Press reports to the effect that His Excellency, the Hon. George Fred Williams, our Diplomat of Democracy at Athens, had addressed a note to his colleagues, informing them that his Government had directed him to visit Albania to inquire into the situation "in the interest of peace and good will among all parties and all races," and that "the Diplomatic Corps was amazed at this inadmissible interven-

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tion," have disturbed the State Department so mightily that, according to the Springfield *Republican*, Mr. Williams may be permitted to resume the practice of law when he returns for his well-earned holiday. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished, no doubt; but if it should transpire that His Excellency did not really intervene by force of arms, but only intermeddled because the new King was not elected by the people, drinks cognac, and generally misbehaves, upon what ground could he be rebuked without impairing our reputation for consistency in pursuing a policy of service to all mankind?

Speaking at the opening of the new American (Methodist Episcopal) University at Washington, President Wilson said:

> The object of scholarship, the object of all knowledge, is to understand, is to comprehend, is to know what the need of mankind is. That is the reason, ladies and gentlemen, why scholarship has usually been more fruitful when associated with religion; and scholarship has never, so far as I can at this moment recollect, been associated with any religion except the religion of Jesus Christ.

Whereupon Mr. Herman Bernstein wrote to the President as follows:

> I feel quite certain that you know that true scholarship has ever been and is now the very essence and foundation of Judaism, the religion that gave birth to Christianity. It seems to me that it would, therefore, be unfair to exclude Judaism from the religion with which scholarship has been intimately associated.
>
> You know of my profound admiration for you as a great President, a great thinker, and a great man. I feel that you would not make a statement that is unfair. With deep regard, I am faithfully yours.
>
> HERMAN BERNSTEIN.

And Mr. Wilson replied:

> MY DEAR BERNSTEIN: I am sorry that there should have been any unfair implication in what I said at the opening of the American University. You may be sure that there was nothing of the kind in my mind, or very certainly nothing in my thoughts, that would discriminate in the important matter you speak of, against Judaism.
>
> I find that one of the risks and penalties of extemporaneous speaking is that you do not stop to consider the whole field, but address yourself merely to the matter directly in hand. With sincere respect and appreciation, cordially yours,
>
> WOODROW WILSON.

That Mr. Bernstein's point was well taken requires no demonstration in view of the universal recognition of the

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Talmudic scholarship of the Jewish rabbis. A like statement might be made with equal verity respecting Confucianism; in fact, the close association of scholarship and practically every great religion is manifest to all students. That Mr. Wilson meant no offense to the Jews, who have been his most ardent supporters, hardly required a disclaimer, although, doubtless, it was well to make one in response to an inquiry. What interests us is how the mind of a scholar could evolve so sweeping an assertion even in extemporaneous speaking, and whether, since his letter indicates nothing to the contrary, Mr. Wilson as an historian is of the same opinion still. If he were not so busily occupied with Mexico and Bryan and Labor and Gompers and Trusts and Conspiracies and Revenues and McAdoo and Rural Credits and Roosevelt and Conservation and Lane and Prohibition and Daniels and Colorado and Ammons and Various Other Things, we should ask him to write an article on the subject, beginning with the Book of Ptah-hotep and continuing through the list to our own New Testament.

Mr. J. Maynard Barney writes from Syracuse:

SIR,—In the April issue of *The Commoner* I find the following statement on page 12. Reading from description of "The Bryan Birthday Dinner," the first paragraph under "Notable Substitutes," I find the statement that "the Cabinet member from Nebraska" made Woodrow Wilson, President.

Personally I am convinced (from past events) that you can explain all this to us in your editorial columns. You might also explain how subscriptions to *The Commoner* are going to carry the next elections for the Democratic party. (See free coupon offer on page 11.)

We could, of course, but we shall not. Mr. Bryan, as a scapegoat, has our sympathy.

Speaking on "Faith" at Pennington, N. J., Mr. Bryan asked:

"Before you laugh at big mysteries try to solve this one: Why does a red cow who eats green grass give white milk that yields yellow butter?"

Because a cow is no diplomat; is that the answer?

Wire your Senator to stand by President Wilson, who is insisting that the anti-trust bills be passed before the present session of Congress adjourns.—*The Commoner.*

CONSPIRATOR!

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A PERENNIAL NATIONAL PROBLEM

BY SPEAKER CHAMP CLARK

THE farthest-seeing constructive statesman, the most masterful friend and champion of humanity in modern times, architect of our independence, seer of our national strength, prophet of our national progress, Thomas Jefferson, was the foremost genius of our national expansion.

When he got from Napoleon the grand domain of the Louisiana Purchase, he bought for the United States the control and possession of the Mississippi River. There was nothing in this tremendous achievement of expansion westward, more than doubling the area of the young republic, dearer to his heart, more inspiring to his imagination, than the embracing of the Mississippi River. Long before the consummation of the purchase his persuasive voice and potent pen were continually used to urge the importance of control for the citizens of the United States of the navigation of the Mississippi River. When its lower reaches were alternately in the hands of Spain and France, and disputes arose over the rights of passage by our citizens through to the Gulf waters, he ardently espoused the cause of his countrymen. The year 1801, when Jefferson became President, the area of the United States was but 827,000 square miles, all east of the Mississippi River, with all Florida and the area of the future Louisiana Purchase belonging to Spain. The possessions of that country in the Western Hemisphere amounted to over 7,000,000 square miles. Great Britain was next in New World possessions, with 3,719,000 square miles. Russia, holding Alaska, had 577,000 square miles. France, through the courage and genius of her missionaries and explorers, her soldiers and traders, had acquired a dominion in North America scarcely second to that of Great Britain, but in the rivalry between the two here and in the Old World she was dispossessed of all but 29,000 square miles. It remained for

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Napoleon's prowess and genius to restore much of what France had lost through wresting from Spain all her possessions in the northern half of the Western Hemisphere which became known as the Louisiana Purchase. For a time Napoleon had dreamed of establishing on the western bank of the Mississippi, and controlling both sides of the lower river, with New Orleans as its seat, a great Western World empire. But nearly all of the Old World got to fighting him, resisting the reckless ambition bent upon dominating the European continent, making and unmaking kings at will to rule or caprice to play with nations as a master of the game would move the pieces on a chessboard. Great Britain was his formidable foe, and was the one Power that had most embarrassed his soaring fancy, most effectually and most often blocked his designs. He conceived the idea of transferring by sale to the United States his embryo empire in the Western World, and with it the control of the Mississippi River. He knew it was the severest blow he could deliver against the growing power of his English rival. "The accession of this territory," said Napoleon, "forever strengthens the United States, and I have just given England a maritime power that will sooner or later humble her pride."

Jefferson, with whom he negotiated the transaction, had been constantly agitating the vital importance to this Republic's safety and welfare of the complete control of the Mississippi from source to mouth. He wanted its great navigation resources and ultimate possession of the vast area drained by its waters. It can be imagined with what profound delight, with what thrilled anticipations, he approached the consummation of the purchase. His cardinal principles of faith for the American people were the erection of a great structure of everlasting national commercial independence upon the four pillars of "agriculture, commerce, navigation, and manufacture." With him a most absorbing obsession was to own the Mississippi. With him it was a case of "must." "The navigation of the Mississippi," he declared as far back as 1790, "we must have." Again, a little later, and years before the Louisiana Purchase, he asserted: "The navigation of the Mississippi in full and unrestrained freedom is indispensably necessary, and must be obtained by any means it may call for."

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Thomas Jefferson was the first publicity agent for the national ownership of the Mississippi River, as he had been the first publicity agent for the erection of the four pillars of our national prosperity, as he had been the first publicity agent of our national independence. As a publicity agent the world never saw his like, all for humanity, all for the progress of human liberty. He wrote much and ardently. His pen sped with a powerful unmatched enthusiasm and a fertile genius for persuasion unexceled in any era of human forward development. His labor of love was at its best when his theme was the Mississippi Valley and the navigation of the Mississippi River.

A brilliant biographer of Napoleon said of his sale of Louisiana to the United States: "It was an event second in importance to no other in their history; for it gave them control of the intercontinental river system, and later of the Pacific coast, while indirectly it prepared the way for the conflict of 1812, which finally secured their commercial independence."

Following the close of the Revolution, and up to the war of 1812, our American Republic was a feeble institution among the nations of the world, and might have been ignored, might, indeed, have been overwhelmed and absorbed, but for the international strife that was shaking all Europe and imperiling the foundations of empires in the Old World. We were nominally and politically independent, but not until the American victory at New Orleans did we attain American commercial independence. Jackson and his Kentuckians and Tennesseeans, the bulk of his forces coming from the States and Territories on the banks of the Mississippi River, backing the little regular army nucleus, rushed southward to drive the British from the lower valley and secured it forever from hostile foreign intrusion. And ever since the victory at New Orleans, with the expulsion from the Mississippi River of the great veteran British army, with its fleet of transports and men-of-war, we have had a progressive nation, a forward-moving, wide-expanding republic—no longer grouped and hedged in between the Atlantic and the great water highway Jefferson vowed we must have, a set of comparatively little States, bickering among themselves about privilege and precedent, jealous of one another, and for the most part rivals only in aping England or Europe. Then, with the acquisition of

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Louisiana we began to be Americans; we had acquired a true center of national gravitation, the Mississippi River.

In his glorious old age Jefferson's thoughts often turned with delighted contemplation to the westward course of American empire, and he lingered with fond expectancy upon the future of the dwellers in the grand area drained by the Mississippi. "They are our sons and daughters," said he. "God bless them ever."

From the Mississippi's far reaches through its mouth across the Gulf of Mexico to the Isthmus of Panama must run a stream of commerce which will traverse the canal.

A Latin-American historian, one of the brightest of his race, F. Garcia Calderon, recently wrote:

> The canal sets a frontier to Yankee ambition; it is the southern line, the "south coast," of which a North American politician, Jefferson, used to dream. As early as 1809 he believed that Cuba and Canada would become incorporated States in the American Union in the immense confederation. Anticipating the rude lyrics of Walt Whitman, he dreamed of founding an empire of liberty "so vast the like has never been seen." Heirs to Anglo-Saxon genius, the Americans of the North wish to form a Democratic federation. They have succeeded in doing in Cuba what Japan has done in Korea; first, the struggle for autonomy, then the necessary intervention, then a protectorate, and perhaps next annexation. Thus the prophecy of Jefferson will be realized.

Humboldt, as soon as he had visited the New World in 1804, said of the destined Isthmian canal:

> The products of China will be brought more than six thousand miles nearer Europe and the United States; great changes will take place in the political conditions of eastern Asia, because this tongue of earth (Panama) had for centuries been the rampart of the independence of China and Japan.

The "great changes" have already set in, and mightier are yet to come. With the operation of the canal and commerce from the great American intercontinental river system converging for passage into the Pacific, bound for our western coast ports and distant oceanic and Oriental marts, with this new route for international trade opened, what wondrous changes may not be wrought in the fortunes of mankind! China, Japan, India, the Philippines, Oceania, New Zealand, Australia, brought thousands of miles nearer to our own and Europe's greatest shipping ports and centers of civilization, would inevitably quicken human interests and universally stimulate human energy.

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There will be no surer, stronger factor in this enlivening of human progress than that furnished by the life-giving commerce of the world's granary, the Missisippi Valley.

Is it any wonder, then, that the navigation and control of the Mississippi River is a perennial national problem in the United States? If there be one practical theme of common concern to enlightened Americans, to men of all political parties, it is this. The three great political parties at their National Conventions two years ago, political parties which alone have representation in Congress, have vied with one another in emphasis of declaration for the improvement and maintenance of navigation of the Mississippi, the construction of an adequate system of levees, and the prevention of floods. It is recognized as a national problem, because the river is a national possession, with levees of interstate extent of necessity, and liable to overflows of waters pouring from the highlands of many States, inflicting national disaster. The Mississippi's transcendant importance as a great continental inland highway of commerce has been recognized all over the world ever since De Soto first looked upon the sweep of its majestic waters.

It is no novel proposition, no new thing that the Mississippi River imposes a continuous national problem. Jefferson's great idea was to get possession of the river. Having got it, and learned something of what it was, American statesmanship took heed of the problem it presented. President John Tyler, in his message of 1844, June 11, declared of the river:

> It belongs to no particular State or States, but of common right, by express reservation, to all the States. It is reserved as a great common highway for the commerce of the whole country. . . . The United States, therefore, is charged with its improvement for the benefit of all, and the appropriation of governmental means to its improvement becomes indispensably necessary for the good of all.

Colonel Thomas Hart Benton, the Pericles of the golden age of American statesmanship, lived in one of the greatest States on the Mississippi. He never saw the river, never crossed it, never thought of it, that his far-piercing intellect did not apostrophize the Mississippi. The following is an extract from a letter of his to the Chicago Convention of 1847:

> Wonderful river! connecting with seas by the head and by the mouth—stretching its arms toward the Atlantic and the Pacific—lying in a valley,

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which is a valley from the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson's Bay—drawing its first waters not from rugged mountains, but from a plateau of lakes in the center of the continent, and in communication with the sources of the St. Lawrence and the streams which take their course north to Hudson's Bay—draining the largest extent of richest land, collecting the products of every clime, even the frigid, to bear the whole to a genial market in the Sunny South, and there to meet the products of the entire world. Such is the Mississippi! And who can calculate the aggregate of its advantages and the magnitude of its future commercial results?

John C. Calhoun, opposed as he was on strict constitutional constructive grounds to internal improvement by the Government, in 1845 had recommended in a report to Congress an appropriation to build embankments to protect lands on the river from overflow. Henry Clay, who never overlooked the interests of the great valley, suggested that its people would rise

en masse and tumble down your little hair-splitting distinctions about what is national and demand what is just and fair on the part of this Government in relation to this great interest. The Mississippi River, with its tributaries, constitutes part of a great system, and if the system is not national I should like to know one that is national.

President after President has recognized the river's national scope and the national obligation due.

The old policy of river and harbor appropriations, biennially, or at longer intervals, was a serious mistake of public conduct. The appropriations were inadequate, and consequently the public work was insufficient and inefficient. The too meager appropriation was often money wasted; it was a kind of foolish extravagance. It was like tossing gold and silver and currency into the flood as it raged on its destructive way. For these appropriations at long intervals were most flagrantly inadequate as provided for the Mississippi River, not so much in items for the improvement and maintenance of navigation as in the failure to provide for the control of the waters by the construction of an impregnable levee defense. The intervening years, without appropriation by Congress, witnessed the might of the waters undoing the work of previous appropriations. The flood demon was no respecter of the convenience of Congress, was reckless of policies and of the preachments of national economy. Yet, strange as it may seem, he had allies among human beings here among us in the demagogue and in a fatuous or ill-advised press. It was not until public opinion

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convinced Congress that annual appropriations was the wisest, and, in fact, the necessary policy, not only for the improvement and maintenance of navigation, but for the control of the river, that the waste was stopped and any material good accomplished, and it was recognized as a national project. The States on the lower river had been struggling, unaided, without cessation against the ruthless enemy, while Congress was doing nothing. It was this waste and extravagance in the years that Congress furnished no help until disaster woke it, and then only to supply insufficient appropriations, resulting inevitably in frittered funds, futile talent, and vain energies. This penny-wise folly provoked for river and harbor appropriations, and very naturally, too, the epithetical condemnation of "pork-barrel" legislation; it engendered suspicion and hostility outside of the Mississippi Valley, titillated pert paragraphists into saucy quips and grim jokes, and uninformed editors of provincial metropolitan newspapers of the East were kept busy upon a series of sarcastic and contumelious diatribes. Since its commencement, five years ago, the wisdom of the annual appropriation policy has been convincingly demonstrated and justified.

Floods have menaced always, and will always imperil, the integrity of the channel of the Mississippi and the homes and lives of the people on both its banks. This is so, year in and year out, that this enemy is to be contended against, an enemy far more persistent and dangerous than any foreign foe we ever had to face.

Since the Revolution we have had the war of 1812, the war of 1846–48 with Mexico, the great war of 1861–65 between the States; the war with Spain, just a part of 1898, followed by the Filipino insurrection, eight thousand miles away; and numerous little wars with Indians, whose prosecution required action of but a fractional part of our regular land forces. I need not give figures of what these few wars cost since the successful close of our war of Independence, one hundred and thirty-two years ago. The informed imagination will take care of the statistical idea. It is enough to say that by liberal annual appropriations we have taken good care of our military establishment. We have, indeed, strained every point to keep our army and navy up-to-date, ready and equipped to meet any possible enemy at any possible time. Hundreds of millions

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of dollars are annually appropriated for our man-killing machinery, to say nothing of the billions that have gone for pensions, war claims, and the like. What pittance we have spent to protect property, to preserve life from a huge, ever-present menace, is a mockery of our national intelligence and a reproach to our national sense of humanity. For this flood demon and his devastating army of waters in the highlands of the States of the upper valley and in the fastnesses of the western mountains are ready every year to descend, with reinforcements from the whole drainage area of the river, upon the lands and people of the lower valley, and, unresisted, or inadequately opposed, spread destruction, desolation, and death. Out of the flood, plague, pestilence, and famine are left to garrison the melancholy sites of once happy homes and prosperous towns.

I believe in the Providence of God, the meaning of whose dispensations we may never perfectly know, that all affliction, all disaster, all calamity, whether to persons or nations, was designed to give mankind the lessons of experience. We know how swiftly travels bad news; we know it never failed to write its tragic story in the chronicles of men, preserving the treasures of experience for the heirs of all the ages.

I have thought this at the news of every flood on the Mississippi, as I did when the roaring waters wrought awful havoc in the Ohio Valley in the spring of last year. Had those Ohio torrents been joined to such floods from other parts of the Mississippi's drainage domain as have in recent years broken through the levees, there would have been disaster such as would have appalled the world.

> Sweet are the uses of adversity,
> Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,
> Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

Shakespeare did not need to say the "precious jewel" is experience. In the building of an adequate system of levees, we have not only a common-sense dictated obligation to commerce and the general welfare, but a higher obligation, a moral obligation. We set out to improve navigation and to confine the waters in such way as to keep the channel unbroken, building levees and revetments. That is the business part of the proposition. Next is the moral obligation. No public work, however beneficent,

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should be undertaken and permitted that does not guarantee that it shall be so constructed that property and life shall not be endangered thereby. The flood is the great enemy of progress to a large proportion of our people. The Chinese built more than a thousand years ago a wall around the vast domain of their Cathay to fortify against their enemies. I would build a wall if necessary to hold the hostile floods where they would spend their might in dredging and scouring the bed of the Mississippi from Cape Girardeau to the deep waters of the Gulf, for within that extent of river reach, spreading from either bank, and subject to overflow, lie lands than which there is none richer in the world, none so near to profitable markets, none so versatile of production of necessities for the sustenance and luxuries for the enjoyment of mankind.

Much as this may mean for the future prosperity of the country, with the reclamation of the sixteen million acres of marvelously fertile lands that are subject to inundation, it is a minor consideration to the moral obligation of protecting lands already occupied, cultivated, and improved. Ever since the policy of annual appropriation was initiated there have been floods that have destroyed property and fortunes and lives worth more than all that has ever been spent upon the Mississippi.

We are appropriating this year—without an item in anticipation of hostilities with Mexico—$243,000,000 for our military establishment, 101,000,000 for the army, and $142,000,000 for the navy; there is, also, $169,000,000 for pensions. The entire River and Harbor Bill, as it is pending, provides a little over $40,000,000, of which about $7,000,000 or $8,000,000 is for the Mississippi River. The amount given the Mississippi is less than we are spending for the construction of a single dreadnought, or superdreadnought for the navy, a thing that with the advancement of naval war science and the achievement of genius in aeronautic invention, may in a year or two become obsolete and lapse into just so much for the junk heap. Levee fortification against floods is meant to endure, to save life and property from forces that will remain hostile while rains fall and waters flow.

With all our national boasting about our progress, when we are reminded of what we have done in recognition of the Mississippi River as a national institution, we must

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confess we are behind the advancement of other nations—nations inferior in wealth and resources. One city alone in the Argentine Republic, Buenos Ayres, has just spent $83,000,000 improving her harbor, already nearly twenty-five feet deep, on the Rio del la Plata. On the same river, where it is half a hundred miles across, Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay, is spending $17,000,000 for harbor improvement. At Rio de Janeiro, where the harbor is one of the finest in the world, they have spent $100,000,000 for sanitation of the city and the land environing the harbor! And, strange as it may seem, the genius of our surgeons in Cuba and Panama taught them what to do to make their great ports immune from yellow fever. One hundred million dollars for preserving the health of one city in Brazil, and we doling a pittance to save life and property in the vast Mississippi Valley!

CHAMP CLARK.

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THE COLORADO STRIKE

BY HIS EXCELLENCY ELIAS M. AMMONS, GOVERNOR OF COLORADO

MUCH has been said and much written about the troubles in Colorado arising from the strike of the coal-miners. The parties involved have hurled statements back and forth, and contradictions and denunciations more or less intemperate have found their way into the public prints to such an extent that, despite the importance of the subject, the public seems to have no clear conception of what has happened. So far as I know, the State itself has not spoken, nor has any one in authority as yet properly analyzed the conditions in Colorado. It is, therefore, my purpose to give here an impartial portrayal of the conditions as they have existed in the past and now exist, and which at present are so generally misrepresented and misunderstood.

For four years an industrial struggle, which only recently reached its most acute development, has been going on in Colorado. The economic problem, serious enough in its beginning, has reached a tragic climax of nation-wide importance. During these four years much bitterness has been engendered, and the dispute, which originally involved an economic question between capital and labor has finally become political, between the State, on the one hand, and those who deny its authority, on the other. Riot has assumed the proportion of rebellion, focusing the attention of the whole American people upon Colorado.

The origin of the present situation dates back as far as 1910, when the coal-miners in the district north of Denver struck. That strike has been going on ever since and remains unsettled at this writing. Largely as a sympathetic measure, a strike was called in the southern coal-fields in which are located the largest and most important mines of the State. This strike was declared in September, 1913, and spread to the mines located in Fremont and Routt counties.

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For years the United Mine Workers of America, a powerful international organization of labor numbering over four hundred thousand members, has been busy organizing local unions among the coal-mining population through which this strike spread. It should be remembered that the coal-mining population of Colorado is composed very largely of south-European immigrants who speak practically no English and have as yet little understanding of the American form of government. The mines in which they work are variously owned, there being some thirty or forty companies operating in the State, of which three are conspicuous because of their size and importance. However, although the ownership of all these mines was in various hands when the organization of the miners by the United Mine Workers had progressed sufficiently to make possible the calling of the strike, twenty or thirty small coal-mining companies made common cause with the three larger ones and presented a united front of coal-mine owners in opposition to the striking union miners.

These are the contending parties. In this conflict, under present laws, the State Government has no voice or concern. It is primarily occupied only with maintaining the peace and dignity of the State. The Governor is charged by the Constitution with the duty of seeing that the peace of the State is maintained, and that its Constitution and laws are obeyed by all alike. It is no part of his duty to intervene or mediate in labor strikes or to attempt a settlement of such disputes. I departed from the strict letter of official duty so far as to attempt by every means in my power an adjustment of the dispute between these contending economic forces. I am still engaged in that attempt.

The mine-owners in Colorado also own the dwellings erected near the mines for the housing of the workmen and their families. When the strike in the southern field was declared, large numbers of workmen left their former abodes. The United Mine Workers assembled these people in tents near the properties where they had been employed. These groups of striking miners with their families thus assembled in tent colonies were located at points that commanded the approaches to the mines. Colorado has a drastic law against picketing. It prohibits even the persuasion of men at work to quit their employment. The tent colonies were, of course, silent pickets. The non-union workmen had

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to pass by or through the colonies in going to work. On the other hand, the mine-owners employed a force of guards upon their properties who were armed to protect them and their workmen from aggression. It was not long before the strikers of the colonies were also armed. There were two contending armed bodies in near proximity to each other. The strikers claimed a fear of attack by the mine guards, upon which their leaders justified their armament. So far as I have been able to discover, that fear was unfounded, though it may have been honestly entertained. Between these two armed bodies many bloody battles were fought. To this day the village of Hastings, which harbored then, as now, the families of many hundred workers, exhibits the marks of thousands of bullets shot by a large party of attacking strikers. An automobile containing five of these mine guards, returning to their mine upon their lawful occasion, was ambushed and four of the party murdered, the fifth being seriously wounded and left for dead. With reference to this incident, and to give an insight into the point of view of the strike leaders, I may add that one of the great labor leaders of the country came to my house in Denver and tried to convince me that the men who ambushed and murdered these people ought not to be prosecuted, for the reason that a state of war existed, and that the right of the strikers to kill the mine guards should not be questioned. I could multiply such instances of lawlessness and disorder occurring before the coming of the troops. During all that time I was doing my utmost to forestall further bloodshed and disorder by attempting to settle the strike itself. But the time came when, despite all other considerations, the State had to assert its authority through its military arm. In the southern field a reign of terror prevailed. The good citizens of the State, in no wise concerned with the strike itself, were in real danger of their lives. Between the two contending forces no respect whatever was paid to the constituted civil officers of the peace. Because of the almost frantic appeal of the sheriffs of both southern counties, of the boards of county commissioners, mayors, judges, and other civil authorities, as well as from hundreds of the citizens, I felt constrained to call out the National Guard. These soldiers of the State went into this seething caldron of blood and battle in the last days of October. They found these two armed bodies of men in large numbers thirsting

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for each other's blood and ready to spring at each other's throats. The National Guard occupied a territory over one hundred miles in extent, quelled the disorder, re-established the Constitution, and without firing a shot preserved the peace of the State for six long and weary months.

I feel that I should add here a word for the National Guard. These men have been made the object of very bitter public attack. Opprobrium, undeserved, has been publicly heaped upon them. The charge that they were recruited from the purlieus of the great cities and were not representative of the average population of the State is an absurdity. Any charge that they were hirelings of either side to the industrial dispute is ridiculous. The truth is that the Colorado National Guard is composed, as in other States, of farmers, tradesmen, mechanics, and artisans, with an unusually large proportion of professional men. It is a volunteer force. These men have served their State with a truly commendable devotion, to the sacrifice of their own personal interests, risking their lives in a quarrel not of their making and in which they had no interest. They have not been paid this year even the pittance that is allowed by law. If ever patriotism found expression, it is in the unrecompensed and unselfish services of these soldiers of the State who have only the consciousness of a duty performed to reward them, and upon whom has been heaped the opprobrium and abuse that private interest has dictated.

The troops of the State were able to enforce peace. But it was a sullen and unwilling peace. The mine guards were disarmed and sent away. The strikers promised to surrender their arms, but they did not do so. Similarly, a recent promise of the leaders to surrender these arms to the United States troops was unfulfilled. In the mean time and after the military occupation had begun, I continued unceasingly my efforts to adjust or settle the strike. Conferences with both sides aroused my hopes of a settlement. For thirty days after the calling of the troops I prevented the importation of new workmen, and held the situation in abeyance, hoping thus to bring about a termination of the strike, which I felt would be more difficult after the strikers' places in the mines had been taken by other workmen.

About this time, and by the courtesy of the President of the United States, I had the assistance of the Secretary of Labor, himself a member of the United Mine Workers of

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America. The striking miners had formulated a series of enumerated demands, most of which were vouchsafed by the existing laws of the State of Colorado. The chief, and, as the event has proved, the only remaining point of controversy was the recognition of the union. This point has been insistently refused by the operators and as insistently demanded by the union. Both sides, however, agreed to a conference composed of officials of the mining companies and representatives of the miners, together with the Secretary of Labor and myself. This conference was held in my office. At the request of both sides I acted as chairman of their meetings. The demands of the strikers were considered and discussed. The Secretary of Labor and myself had been led to believe that the point of the recognition of the union was to be waived. At this conference it was agreed that I should make suggestions of settlement which were to be acceded to.

I was much elated at this apparent success, and with the assistance of Secretary Wilson I prepared and forwarded to both sides the agreed suggestions. The strikers were to waive the recognition of the union and the mine-owners were to concede every other point demanded. Within a few hours I received a letter from the mine-owners unqualifiedly accepting the terms of the proposed settlement. The striking miners, however, rejected the proposal. The conference came to nothing, and the Secretary of Labor returned to Washington. I was afterward told, confidentially, by the strike members of the conference, that they had been instructed in the first place not to accept anything but the recognition of the union.

Upon this miscarriage of our plans of settlement, I directed that all men who desired to work in the mines, and who had full knowledge of the strike and conditions of employment, should be permitted to work and be protected in so doing. A large number of men were then brought in to work in the mines. They were given military protection in going to the properties and in remaining at work therein. This is the circumstance which caused the strikers to look upon the National Guard as being in league with their adversaries. They saw their places in the mines taken by others whom they called "scabs." They felt the restraint imposed upon them by the State's troops. They could not prevent the working of the mines by these new laborers

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either by intimidation or by persuasion. Ignorant, and, I am afraid, disposed to lawlessness, these strikers felt that in protecting the non-union workmen the National Guard was causing their strike to fail. From restlessness their feeling toward the State's troops grew into impatience, and, as days went by, to fury. In this feeling their leaders shared. The fight began to be waged not merely against the coal-operators, but against the troops and the State itself. Day by day the notion that an unholy alliance existed between the State authorities and the coal-mine owners was disseminated throughout the State and country by the efficient press bureau of the labor organization. Every argument was used to substantiate that idea. Its utter lack of foundation will go without saying. An incident occurring during the military occupation will illustrate the point. When trouble broke out in Routt County, a district remote from the seat of the main trouble, the citizens arose *en masse* and announced their intention of forcibly expelling the strike leaders from the county. An appeal was made to me for protection against this body of citizens by the strikers' organization. It was promptly met. I sent troops at once into Routt County, protecting the strikers and their leaders from the aggressions of the populace. I had to give military protection to a newspaper in Trinidad, the organ of the strikers, to save the plant from a feared demolition at the hands of the citizens, who felt themselves outraged by its utterances. These and many more such incidents occurred at a time when the strikers' leaders and the strikers' press were proclaiming that the military arm was being used solely in aid of their antagonists.

In the middle of April, after the troops had enforced a six months' peace and when they were almost four months in arrears of pay, it was felt that they must be withdrawn. It was hoped that the peace thus established would continue. It was feared that it would not. The most earnest protests were made to me by citizens of all classes against the withdrawal. It was felt and generally predicted that as soon as the military restraint was removed the stored-up wrath of this alien population would flare out in some malignant way. Within six days after this withdrawal the eruption came. It was general throughout the coal-mining regions of the State. A widely extended uprising had been carefully planned. The storm broke at Ludlow. Much has

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been made of Ludlow. It was seized upon as a means of inflaming the minds of men and justifying the acts of treason and murder that followed. The facts in connection with Ludlow have been distorted, and in various forms spread broadcast throughout the land. It has been described as a massacre. It is given out that the National Guard, servile hirelings of the great coal companies, mercilessly shot and burned defenseless women and children in the Ludlow tent colony. On the miserable untruth and injustice of such a story I shall comment presently. However, it was believed, and may still find credence among a great number of the American people who have not the facts and have no reason to believe otherwise. Riot became rebellion. Under the blinding glare of the story of Ludlow, as given to the world, the leaders co-related and organized the outbreaks which were smoldering and ready to burst forth into a determined, well-administered, and financed rebellion against the constituted authorities of the State. Ludlow was an incident, not an event. The battles and crimes that were committed during the following ten days would doubtless have occurred had there been no Ludlow incident.

When the troops were withdrawn, thirty-four men were left upon police duty near Ludlow, the largest of the tent colonies. On April 20th these men were attacked by ten times their number of strikers. The objective was doubtless the villages two or three miles distant containing the non-union workmen and their families. The National Guard thus attacked defended themselves, and later put the strikers to flight and destroyed their colony. The women and children were all removed to places of safety before the attack save only those who were concealed in pits dug beneath the tents. From these pits the soldiers rescued over thirty women and children while the tents were burning. This rescue was made with distinguished bravery and under a heavy fire from the strikers themselves. One pit, almost hermetically sealed, escaped the notice of the rescuers, and thirty-six hours later was discovered and found to contain the bodies of two women and eleven children. These poor people died of suffocation in their subterranean prison, where they had been confined by their would-be protectors. Not a burn or a char or a bullet mark was found upon any of them. The oxygen contained in this closed chamber could not have supported their lives for more than two or

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three hours. One little boy was accidentally shot, apparently by a striker's bullet. With that exception no women or children were shot or burned or otherwise hurt during the day's fighting. *There was no massacre.* Men died on both sides; those of the strikers died with arms in their hands fighting against the State; the soldier, on the contrary, tortured and mutilated even before death, gave his life to his country in the discharge of his duty.

Two days later the labor leaders formulated a Call to Arms, which was published in the press and sent broadcast throughout the State. It was subscribed with the signatures of the leaders. I quote from this call as follows:

> Organize the men in your community in companies of volunteers to protect the people of Colorado against the murder and cremation of men, women, and children by armed assassins employed by the coal corporations, serving under the guise of State militiamen.
>
> Gather together for defensive purposes all arms and ammunition legally available. Send name of leader of your company and actual number of men enlisted at once by wire, phone, or mail to W. T. Hickey, secretary of State Federation of Labor.
>
> Hold all companies subject to order.
>
> People having arms to spare for these defensive measures are requested to give them to local companies, and where no company exists send them to the State Federation of Labor.
>
> The State is furnishing us no protection, and we must protect ourselves, our wives, and children from these murderous assassins. We seek no quarrel with the State and we expect to break no law. We intend to exercise our lawful right as citizens, to defend our homes and our constitutional rights.

This call was responded to. The arms that the National Guard failed to gather up were taken from their hiding-places and distributed among the strikers. Many more were purchased and placed in the hands of the strikers. During the winter the strikers had augmented their numbers by hundreds, if not thousands, of idle men who never had been coal-miners. Colorado seemed to be a resting-place for bands of the unemployed. By this augmentation of numbers the force of men who could be armed against the State was truly formidable.

The National Guard was again called out and sent into the southern fields. Its going was heralded by telegrams warning these armed men of the approach of the troop train, and urging that its entrance be disputed. One leader who signed the call to arms was arrested while taking a large number of high-power rifles and quantities of ammunition

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to his people by automobile. In the northern field armed strikers imprisoned the sheriff in the Hecla mine and besieged him there until relieved by the National Guard. An armed band seized the Chandler mine in Fremont County, not without much fighting. By way of reprisal the refugees of Ludlow marched twelve miles from Trinidad to Forbes, destroyed that camp, killed nine of its defenders, and then returned to Trinidad and paraded the streets in triumph. Many of the smaller mines of the State were seized and their managers imprisoned or expelled. The mining villages I have referred to were attacked and many killed. The toll of death in these few days is known to have reached fifty, and I believe it to be much greater. The National Guard had to be divided and subdivided, hastening from county to county and occupying fields remote from one another. For nearly forty-eight hours a pitched battle was fought at Walsenburg with fifteen hundred armed men who responded to the labor leaders' call for volunteers.

During these red days my chief concern was to prevent further bloodshed. I went into conference after conference with the leaders of the strike to avert further public calamities and prevent the shedding of innocent blood. I was willing to waive for the time all considerations of treasonable practices. I besought the leaders' co-operation with me in restoring order. Truce after truce was arranged between the soldiers of the State and their armed adversaries. These truces were scrupulously kept by the National Guard, but the labor leaders who agreed to them either could not or did not control their own people. The time came when the rebellion assumed such proportions that it could not be met with the greatly reduced force at my disposal, a force unpaid for four months, and to pay whom for any further service there was no visible means or prospect of means. I called the Legislature of the State together in extra session to provide for this expense. At the same time I requested the President of the United States to take charge of the situation with Federal troops. That request was honored. Upon the coming of the Federal troops, the National Guard was withdrawn from county after county. The name and power of the United States was freely invoked; the strikers and their sympathizers subsided, and peace and order were restored.

So long, at least, as the United States troops remain in

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Colorado, or when I or some more potent agent shall have succeeded in settling the strike, which, of course, is the root of the evil, peace and order will prevail. If the strike is not settled, or if it shall be deemed necessary to withdraw the United States troops under present conditions, I greatly fear that the struggle will be revived. The strike leaders are very earnest and zealous men in their cause. I fear that their zeal in the hour of passion has led them beyond all lawful bonds.

It is idle to make predictions. Neither side of the industrial conflict is at present disposed to make any concession whatever. Both cry loudly that there is nothing to arbitrate. The recognition of the union remains the vital point of the controversy. The strikers declare that without it all else is in vain. The mine-owners point to the fact that they have promised permanent employment to the men now at work in their mines, and that they cannot and will not supplant them with those who have been lately engaged in destroying their property and killing their people. They claim that recognition of the union means nothing else.

The State has taken no side whatever in this industrial conflict. I have used every means at my disposal to bring about a settlement and to avert civil war. A time came when I found the leaders of one side of this conflict heading an armed rebellion against the State. I cannot escape the belief that Colorado's experience is but a local expression of general conditions and, in that aspect, of vast importance to the people at large. The remedy for such conditions lies with the legislative and not with the executive branch of the Government. It is a Governor's duty to enforce the Constitution and laws of his State. The hundreds or thousands of men lately in arms against the military forces of the State are still in Colorado, and so are their arms, hidden away, perhaps to await a future use. What the future holds, who can say?

ELIAS M. AMMONS.

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THE REAL MEXICAN PROBLEM

BY ROLAND G. USHER

THE vital difficulty in dealing with the present situation in Mexico comes from a confusion of precedents and ethical ideas, from the persistent application of legal precedents and concepts of political thought which the past history of the United States amply proves have never been hitherto applied to the solution of this problem on the many occasions when it has been met and solved. We are not confronted in Mexico with a new problem at all, nor even with a new phase of an old problem. We are not confronted, in fact, with an issue to be decided (if past history is really a criterion) by international ethics or international law. It is a question of internal relations to be solved by the application of the ethics and principles of westward expansion as they have been understood and applied by white men in America since the days when the adventurous Cortés saw the white walls of Mexico gleaming in the distance.

Mexico is not in our sense of the word a nation at all, but a collection, loosely organized, of more or less developed and more or less widely sundered Indian tribes. The census classes about nineteen per cent. of the population as white, though it is notorious that there are few native Mexicans without more or less Indian blood. Of the Indians forty-three per cent. are classed as mixed bloods, meaning rather a mixture of Indian stocks than a distinct crossing with the whites, while thirty-eight per cent. are classed as pure Indians. In the South and West, indeed, are many tribes of Indians almost untouched by association with whites, and not nearly as "civilized" as many tribes on the reservations in the United States. None of these Mexican Indians are to be compared with the Creek and Cherokee nations in Oklahoma. Mexico is, in fact, not a nation, but a country peopled by many tribes of Indians of varying degrees of

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development, none reaching what we would call civilization, who have been ruled for centuries by a thin veneer of white men comprising not more than five per cent. of the population. Essentially, the Mexican problem is not an international issue of magnitude, but another phase of the Indian problem we have already met so many times. That inconsiderable proportion of white men must not blind us to the essential facts and allow us to look upon Mexico as a white nation or even as a nation at all.

The actual issue out of which the present crisis grew is simple and as old as the presence of white men in America. These Mexican Indians occupy a territory whose great natural resources they do not and cannot utilize, and which white men covet. The explicit question to be decided, therefore, is that old issue, in what way shall the white men secure possession of what they desire without actually exterminating by force of arms the Indians who oppose them? The precedents furnished by our own past history upon this problem and its previous solutions are clear and without a single exception. Indeed, if truth be told, the real issue confronting us as a nation is our ability or desire to break at this late date this unwavering line of precedent.

Ever since white men have dealt with Indians, they have declined steadfastly, Spaniard and Frenchman, Englishman and American, of all sorts and varieties of opinions, ages, and developments, to recognize that the red man possessed any right to continued possession of the soil which white men felt they could use. While the whites were few in numbers and therefore weak, they were anxious to secure by kindness the Indians' acquiescence in their residence and development of the country. The first step was to obtain by gifts, promises, treaties, permission to occupy and use small tracts of land, which were at the time unoccupied by the Indians. But occupation invariably meant possession. What the whites once secured they never relinquished, and as their numbers grew and they became strong enough to maintain themselves against assault, they asserted their "rights," their "ownership," and justified the claim by their greater strength, their superior ability to utilize the resources of the country, their more considerable economic interest. Peaceful penetration has been the rule in America. By its methods the country has been occupied and the title of the white man established. If its methods were

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wrong, if the title of the land obtained by them was invalid, if the process was unethical, no American holds or ever will hold, as Roger Williams assured the General Court of Massachusetts, moral right or legal title to a foot of land in the United States of America. We may possess ourselves of the soil of Mexico and of all that appertains thereto by virtue of the selfsame logic and the identical legal and ethical considerations which always justified to our fathers' consciences their dispossession of the red man in that part of North America called the United States, the home of Liberty, of Freedom, of Justice—for white men. Mexico and Central America, a few scattered reservations in the West, are in fact the only parts of this great continent which the red man still does possess. If it is wrong for us to intervene in Mexico, the history of the United States is the record of a deliberate crime without parallel for magnitude in history. The white men *invaded* North America; they *intervened* constantly and to their own advantage in the affairs of the Indians. They swept the red man from the fields and farms of his ancestors without compunction or regret. Compared to what has already been done on this continent, the occupation of Mexico would be just, conservative, ethical, and praiseworthy. Compared with the methods already used, a conquest of Mexico by modern methods would be mild, judicious, and beneficial to the people. By the ethics of our past history, we cannot commit crime in Mexico. One cannot sin against men whose existence the law does not recognize.

When the Indians understood that occupation by the white man meant more than permission to erect a tent, to hunt a while, to grow a little maize, and then to move to some other site, a new conception entered the minds of those primitive people—the notion of ownership, of permanent possession. That they had given the white men any such rights, Indians like Philip denied with fury. Instantly they rose to resist, to recover the fields by force of which guile was robbing them. One and all they were exterminated by the whites. "Conquest" and "war" was not spoken of. Fighting with savages is not dignified with the names used for the relations of white men. The Indians were not conquered: they were "reduced," "beaten," "defeated." Indians cannot be conquered nor can their territory be invaded. They have no governments which the white man is bound to

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recognize. Such has been the history and ethics of the exploration and settlement of the United States.

For many years the English settlers on the Atlantic coast came into contact with minor Indian tribes, so weak in numbers and crude in organization that the ethics of westward expansion did not so greatly belie the facts. As the belt of settlement grew slowly westward, the whites came into contact with regularly constituted Indian states with too numerous a population to be disregarded, with definite "constitutions," "laws," and customs. With them relations were perforce had, "treaties" were perforce signed. But there can be no doubt that neither French, Dutch, nor English ever "recognized" the Iroquois "state" in any proper sense of the word, or assumed that it possessed any legal right to continuance or courtesy such as the white men accorded freely to one another. In their own treaties the whites tacitly granted to one another these very Indians and their land, or, more exactly, granted to one another the land, without any mention or regard of the occupants already on it. Similarly, the charters of the English kings never took any account of the "right" of Indians to a foot of the soil of the immense tracts of land laid out between the Atlantic and Pacific. Indeed, the State of New York, after the Revolution, solemnly argued that its boundaries included the greater part of the territory between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi because the Duke of York's original grant from Charles II. included the lands of the Iroquois. The whites might receive or inherit what they themselves declined to recognize that the Indian had ever owned!

In the Gulf States the whites came into contact with the highly organized and even civilized Indian states of the Cherokees, Creeks, and Choctaws. They tilled the soil, built houses, governed themselves peaceably and well. They were at least as advanced in the arts and methods of civilization, at least as diligent, capable, industrious, peaceable, as are the present Mexicans. If there has been constitutional government in Mexico, then constitutional government existed among the Creeks in 1835, but neither the United States Government nor the State of Georgia "recognized" its existence. Their actual attainments secured neither rights nor consideration; they were Indians. They were not in any way endangering the lives or property of white men in the South; but they possessed valuable lands which the white

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men coveted, and there was little hesitation in deciding that they must move. They were occupiers, not possessors; tenants-at-will, not owners. After the shameful breach of solemn treaties, they were at last by promises and threats induced to surrender their lands in Georgia and Alabama, and were allotted others, which the United States solemnly erected into an Indian Territory—a preserve which was to remain theirs forever. When in turn white men wanted those fields, once more the Indians' claims were ignored, the State of Oklahoma was erected, and most of the land not actually occupied by Indians was allotted to white settlers. Indians have no rights which white men are bound to recognize.

Twice already has a variant of this drama been enacted with Mexico. When the present Republic was erected, Spain ceded to that new "state" a vast area including all of the United States west of Louisiana and the Rocky Mountains and south of Oregon. It embraced Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Utah, Nevada, and part of Wyoming and Colorado, as well as the relatively smaller area which still remains in the hands of the Mexicans. The vast possibilities of the cotton culture had just been grasped by the Southern planters; slave labor and virgin soil would yield, they discovered, an enormous profit. Over the Mexican boundary rushed Southern planters and their slaves, and scarcely saying, by your leave to the Mexicans, staked out plantations in the fertile river bottoms and proceeded to cultivate them. The news of the rich find spread rapidly; the number of Americans in Texas doubled and quadrupled; and within a very few years the Americans in Texas were claiming that Texas belonged to them and not to the Mexicans. Were they not more numerous? Were they not cultivating the soil which the Mexicans were too lazy to use? Were they not white men? To this logic the Mexicans objected. That their objection possessed any justice the Texans denied. A brief war was fought, the Mexicans were defeated, and the Republic of Texas was established, owned by Americans, few of whom had seen the new State fifteen years before. Americans had intervened in Mexico and had appropriated a large section of that country, first by peaceful penetration, and then by force of arms. Their logic, ethics, and methods were those of Cortés and Pizarro, of Queen Elizabeth and James I., of John Winthrop and

5407

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William Bradford, of the State of New York and the State of Georgia.

The new State now offered itself to the United States, and the Southern States, anxious to bring into the Union so much good cotton land which would otherwise compete with them, free from the restrictions the Federal Constitution imposed upon them, urged the acceptance of the Texans' offer. Finally, fearing that England or France might secure Texas and thus begin a new empire in the West, the United States accepted it. With Texas we annexed a dispute with Mexico over the amount of land "rightfully" the property of the Texans, and the dispute soon developed into a war. After some campaigning the United States forced the Mexicans to make peace, and we demanded not only the cession of the land over which the war was fought, but the whole of Mexico north of the Rio Grande, an empire in extent and resources. Indeed, though we paid a small sum of money to Mexico, and though most of the proprieties were formally observed, the real gist of the transaction impressed the Mexicans not unlike this: Texas robbed Mexico, and, having successfully stolen much, attempted to take a good deal more, insisting that it was really part of the original loot. Then, unable to defend it, it called in the United States to help it. The United States was indignant because the Mexicans had resisted the second theft, and compelled them to give up not only that land, but most of Mexico as well. Thus Americans intervened in Mexico for the second time, and robbed the Indians of more than half their country.

Once more, and, as the Mexicans think, for the last time, the old, old issue reappears. The Indian still holds land the white man covets. Having spread over Texas, California, and the West, the white man has been for the last few decades invading Mexico proper, the Mexican Indians' home land. Already, by a reasonable computation, Americans own the bulk of the realizable wealth in the country; already they are numerous enough to form a distinct proportion of the population that calls itself white. They have built the railroads, dug the mines, cultivated rubber, bananas, coffee. They are making money; Mexico is valuable; it is good for white men; the Mexicans do not value it. Once more goes up the cry for intervention by the United States. The situation is somewhat altered by long diplomatic relationship and formal recognition by the United

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States of a Mexican Republic; it is complicated by the fact that the Mexicans cannot even by fiction sell their homeland for money as they did California; public opinion will play a part in this case which it has never played before; but essentially the old claims are before us. Once more we hear that the sort of government the Mexicans claim they have always had is not what is meant in international law by civilized or constitutional government. We insist upon their establishing the sort of government which we consider constitutional, despite their protests that we ask an impossibility. Less than that, we reiterate, the United States cannot recognize. The rights of the five per cent. of white men to continued possession and rule we do not recognize. Their right to continue to "govern" these millions of Indians as they see fit, we deny. That they claim to have a government is nothing; we have several times ignored the claims of better organized states of more highly developed Indians than the Mexicans.

Without venturing in any way to predict dates, methods, or results, does not the present condition of Georgia, Oklahoma, Texas, California, indicate the future of Mexico? Will the westward and southward expansion of the American people, so persistently and relentlessly pursued for three centuries at the expense of the red men, stop now at the Rio Grande? Will humanitarian and ethical considerations save the Indian State of Mexico long from the fate every Indian community on this continent has already experienced? Indeed, there is much ground for insisting that the peaceful penetration of Mexico is at least as much a *fait accompli* at the present writing as was the Republic of Texas in 1844. Whatever temporary arrangement may be made at this time, whatever it is called, whether influence, protection, guidance, or intervention (certainly not conquest), the flood of American immigration will pour over Mexico, swiftly the fifteen millions of Indians will be outnumbered by fifteen and more millions of Americans, and, as in Georgia and in Oklahoma, the white men will steadily but relentlessly push the red man into the hills and deserts and will themselves occupy the land in his stead. Unless the precedents of the past are now to be broken, the Indian problem in Mexico will not be settled by any different considerations than have dictated the treatment of the Indians already in the United States. With what face could we

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offer Indians in Mexico rights and privileges, citizenship, and recognition in the courts which we have steadily denied the red men at our own door? Christianity, morality, international law, and ethics have been often invoked in the Indians' defense and as often consistently disregarded. Is it likely that now such importance will be attached to considerations never before of weight as to spare these last red men in the face of tradition, precedent, ignorance, prejudice, and self-interest?

ROLAND G. USHER.

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HOME RULE—AND AFTER

BY FRANK P. JONES

It is a matter of peculiar difficulty for an Irishman who has been in intimate contact with the people of Ireland in all parts of the country, and who, like the present writer, filled a position of prominence in their political movements, to write without bias of the position of Irish affairs as they are to-day. There are, however, certain aspects of the situation the facts of which, to be properly appreciated, require no tinting, either of Orange or of Green. It is these, and these alone, that will be here considered.

There can be no doubt that within the next few months an Irish Parliament will be set up in Dublin. The powers of this Parliament will be limited: it will not have the collection of its own or the Imperial taxes; customs and excise dues will remain in the hands of England; it will have no immediate control over the Postal Service, and the power to declare war and all questions relating to the Army and Navy will continue solely within the jurisdiction of the Parliament at Westminster. Within these and other well-defined limits the College Green Parliament will have control over "purely Irish affairs."

A period of critical uncertainty, extending over many months, must elapse between the placing of the bill on the Statute Book and its enactment. A general election will take place in England. If the Liberals are again returned to power, as at present seems probable, the situation will undergo no serious change. Should the Unionists receive the confidence of the electors and a working majority clear of the Irish vote, they may attempt the repeal of the measure, or such drastic amendment as would render it worse than useless. They would do this, however, at the risk of an armed conflict in Ireland that would be on a scale compared with which the insurrection of 1798 would pale into insignificance.

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The position in Ulster is not so complicated as it appears at first sight. The majority of the Anti-Home-Rulers are honestly convinced that their liberties, if not their lives, would be insecure under the jurisdiction of a Parliament sitting in Dublin. During a recent tour through the most Protestant districts of the northeast of Ulster the writer came in personal contact with many of the men enrolled in the army of resistance. One and all declared they would never submit to being governed by Mr. Redmond and the United Irish League. As to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, few of them mention the name without indulging in profanity. At the same time I met many Protestants who were convinced Home-Rulers, and who refused to believe that their Catholic fellow-countrymen would make any distinction of creed in the government of the country. The actual condition of affairs and the probable solution of the problem may perhaps be best summed up in the words of a well-known Protestant minister of Belfast, whose name, for obvious reasons, it would be unwise to publish at this date. He said:

> The opposition to Home Rule here is genuine only on the surface. It has been engendered and kept alive by the recollection of ancient prejudices and will disappear like mist before the rising sun once Protestant and Catholic get a fair chance to work together. At present both sides are in a state of tension. Protestant and Catholic are standing aloof, and for this I blame the Catholic more than the Protestant. If the Catholic were more sociable, the Protestant, I believe, would be quite ready to meet him halfway. Under Home Rule this will happen, for both sides will recognize that the feud is at an end, and that the only sensible thing to do will be to settle down and work together for the common good of the country, which, after all, belongs just as much to the Irish Protestant as to the Irish Catholic.

Very similar sentiments, though in different words, were expressed by Archbishop Walsh, in the course of a conversation at his residence in Dublin. "Under a native Parliament," he declared, "Irishmen of all creeds will work amicably together for the uplifting of the nation. There will be no distinction of religious belief in the administration of the country." All my own observations in Ireland during the last four years go to strengthen the belief that the view expressed by these two eminent Irishmen is a correct forecast of what will happen under Home Rule as regards the relations of Catholic and Protestant.

There is, however, another factor in Ireland infinitely more important and calculated to play no small part in the

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future destiny of the land—that of the Irish National Volunteers, a movement of which remarkably little is known on this side of the Atlantic. It was started in December of last year, and was inspired in the first place by the success attending the Ulster Volunteers, organized by Sir Edward Carson, to fight "to the death, if need be," against the establishment of a Parliament in Dublin. Previously, the right to carry arms was denied by statute to the men of Ireland, but when Sir Edward Carson formed his army the Liberal Government laughed his war talk to scorn, while the Unionists helped him actively and openly. It was, therefore, not unnatural that the Nationalists should say that what the Ulstermen could do they could do also. In a few weeks the Volunteer movement had spread like wildfire through the land, until to-day every town and village has its company of raw recruits drilling, marching, and learning the trade of the soldier. In spite of the proclamation against the importation of arms and ammunition, both are pouring into the country, at the north and at the south, and before the present year is at an end Ireland will have, at a conservative estimate, two hundred thousand men in arms.

The declared objects of the National Volunteers are twofold. In the first place, should the Ulstermen decide to appeal to the arbitrament of the sword in their endeavor to render impossible the operation of the Irish Parliament, and the English army, as happened recently at The Curragh, refuses to intervene, the Volunteers will stand at the back of that Parliament and defend it with bullet and bayonet. There is little likelihood of anything like this coming to pass. Once the Irish Parliament is an established fact, the Ulstermen will devote all their energies to securing adequate representation in its deliberations. The men of the North are too sensible and business-like to cut themselves off from the rest of the country and the people who form their best customers.

What will happen is that the Irish Volunteers will demand through the Irish Parliament the abolition of all the restrictions and disabilities imposed upon it by the present Bill—in other words, the complete legislative independence of the country.

In the agricultural Midlands, in the rebel South, away in the wild mountainous regions of the West, one hears the same story. The Parliament, as at first constituted, will

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offer no final settlement of the Irish question. The Volunteer movement has aroused all the old spirit of the people, the old belief that the only solution of the Irish problem was the complete and absolute control of Irish affairs by the Irish people. Out in the fields, along the country lanes, and by the firesides they tell you that the day has dawned at last when Ireland will again become a nation among the nations of the earth, when all the old grievances will be forgotten and forgiven in the enjoyment of a liberty that has so long been denied.

Strangest of all to the outsider will be the fact that in this spirit is manifested no bitterness of feeling to the Orangemen. On the contrary, they are looked to to aid in the promotion of these objects. It is believed they will be just as keen to fight for the independence of Ireland as they at present are to uphold their own liberties. All that is required, it is thought, is that they should recognize that these liberties are inextricably bound up with those of their fellow-countrymen. The Irish Volunteers have no animus against their comrades of the North; all that they desire is that they should all work together for the good of their country. After conversation with the leaders of the movement, The O'Rahilly, Sir Roger Casement, and Professor Eoin MacNeill, while much they said was in confidence, it may be stated that one and all believed that the Ulstermen would join them and work with them before two years had passed.

Glancing back, for a moment, at the history of Ireland, and particularly at that period when Grattan's Parliament achieved the repeal of Poynings's Law, one is forced to the conclusion that something similar will happen in the near future. Then, as now, Ireland possessed a Volunteer force recruited—it is strange to think of this now—from the Protestants of Ulster. These men, from being formed to defend the country against foreign invasion, came to turn their eyes upon their own land and her wrongs. Then they assembled in convention and demanded the freedom of their country. They marched from the Rotunda—where the present Volunteers were inaugurated—and up to College Green with the significant legend, hung from the muzzles of their cannon, "Free Trade or This," and the Tory element in the Parliament surrendered at discretion. A little while later and the same Volunteers demanded that their Parliament

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should be freed of the veto of the English legislature, and it was freed. For one short period Ireland enjoyed the unfettered control of her own affairs. Then those Volunteers were disbanded, the Parliament corrupted, and the Act of Union passed.

This, of course, is ancient history, but a reminder of it will help to make clear what is contemplated after Home Rule. When the Volunteers were started the appeal made all over the country was to the spirit of the Volunteers of 1782. To-day little secrecy is observed regarding the intentions of those who are controlling the new movement as to what they will do if they get the chance. Already arrangements are being made for a convention on the lines of that held at Dungannon over a century ago, and it is safe to say that resolutions will be adopted demanding the complete legislative independence of Ireland. That the Irish Parliament will eventually uphold these demands goes without saying, and thus the crisis in Irish affairs will become more acute than ever.

Just how the British Government will handle the situation will, of course, depend very much upon the general political trend of events. It is not likely that military coercion will be attempted, inasmuch as the spectacle would not be one calculated to enhance the prestige of the Empire in the eyes of the world. That, at least, is the belief expressed by the Volunteer leaders. The method adopted would rather partake of the opposite extreme—the granting of such demands as were considered consistent with the integrity and safety of the Empire. Thus the various disabilities and restrictions embodied in the Home Rule Bill would be removed. The consequent danger is that Ireland would continue to make demands until the limits of concession were reached, whereupon there would result a disastrous civil war that would shake to its foundations British authority throughout the world.

These are no wild imaginings or dreamy visions, but actual possibilities. It should be remembered that the majority of those in control of the Volunteers are professing or secret advocates of a free and independent Irish Republic, men and women who are devoting all their time and money to the furtherance of their desires to see Ireland freed entirely from English domination. Moreover, the Irish Parliamentary Party, at the outset of the movement, knowing

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the men who were directing it, did all in their power to discourage it, mainly because they feared it would frighten the English electors and the Government, yet, in spite of this, the movement has spread with a rapidity that even its most ardent advocates never imagined possible. What is the inference? Obviously that the rank and file are in sympathy with the spirit of their leaders, and will, as soon as the opportunity comes, demand that larger measure of freedom of which the Home Rule Bill is only the beginning.

If this be the case, before two more years have passed, Great Britain will be faced with the most serious crisis in the course of her long and eventful history.

FRANK P. JONES.

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THE CHANGED AMERICAN

BY DANIEL F. KELLOGG

A SERIES of articles in one of the magazines that has, perhaps, attracted as much attention as any other that has been printed in the past year was that upon the immigration problem by Professor Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, that appeared in the *Century*. Criticism of Professor Ross's articles was two-sided, and a good share of the public apparently seemed to think that the statements made by the author presented an exaggerated view of existing conditions. But it has to be admitted that a large portion of the public have never had a chance to realize just what these conditions are. The remark was first made five hundred years ago that one-half the world does not know how the other half lives. It is very doubtful if one-half the people in New York City alone are in any measurable degree familiar with the character of life, even the external character of life, of the other half; and the observation possesses greater truth when it is applied to the whole country. Those who are more familiar with the general status of the foreign population of the United States are not of the opinion that Professor Ross painted his picture in too black colors. He told the truth in a strong and vivid way, and did a public service in awakening people to the truth. The first reflection on this subject that occurs to intelligent and patriotic men is, of course, how all these evils of excessive immigration and consequent defective citizenship can be either avoided or cured. One remedial suggestion is that the number of immigrants be limited by law for a time; but the fact that this proposition is strongly approved by the labor-unions gives a hint as to its unwisdom. Any restriction of immigration to amount to anything would establish a monopoly of labor; and the great trouble of our business already is, in normal times, to get labor in sufficient quantity. The movement of people

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to this country from Europe really only represents a natural movement from places in the world where population is congested to places where there is still room for life to flourish; and to put obstacles in the way of this natural means of relief would probably, in the long run, be to the disadvantage of everybody. A longer term of life passed in the country before naturalization takes place, increased property and educational qualifications for the suffrage as well as for admission into the United States, and numberless other suggestions of like nature have been put forward, but it is not the purpose of the present article to discuss them. That purpose is, primarily, to take up the second reflection upon this matter with which an intelligent patriotism busies itself. Is this immigration, which has reached such astounding volume in the last few years, changing the character of our people? Is the power of the institutions of the country to assimilate the annual hundreds of thousands of immigrants equal to the task or not? Certainly some doubt as to the efficacy of this power is suggested by the recent state of civil war in Colorado where the insurgents were, almost wholly, newly arrived foreigners and a large number of them believed that John D. Rockefeller was President of the United States.

That the character of the American people has changed much in the last twenty-five years and is changing further is beyond dispute; and whether this change is or is not due in any considerable part to immigration is, naturally, an open question. But ethnologists say that the citizen of the United States is developing physically into a different type of man than has heretofore existed, the result showing very clearly the mingling of different strains of blood on a greater scale and in a more rapid way than has ever been exhibited before in history. Morally, we are, as a people, no longer as religious as we used to be; no longer as honest, and no longer as frugal. We seem also to be much more emotional than formerly, much less governed by conservatism and respect for governmental and social traditions, and much less given to deliberation and reflection. One of the indications of this that stands out is the decadence of the power and authority of the American pulpit. Great or even eminent public orators in our country have almost ceased to exist, although the United States was formerly the home of this specific kind of hortatory appeal.

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Declining church membership has latterly been made the subject of numerous specific census investigations, and the figures thereof tell the same story, almost without variation. Certain religious denominations that a century or half a century ago were in an extremely flourishing state seem to be actually dying out, and this is true as regards the whole country and not merely particular sections of it. The standard complaint in our leading religious fellowships is that not enough young men are coming forward each year to take the waiting places in the ministry; but a different state of affairs could hardly be expected when the meager financial compensation offered by many of these places is considered. Will the judgment be considered harsh, even though it is based upon statements made by church-goers and ministers themselves, that the character of the clergy in our country has deteriorated? The Church has, in fact, assumed a materialistic, if not a veritably heartless and dead-and-alive, aspect that is more reminiscent of the English Church in the days of Queen Anne than it is of anything else. Some time ago one of our leading magazines published a long series of articles under the general title "Why People Do Not Go to Church." Poor preaching, disgust with constant appeals for money, the desire of people in the cities to take Sunday as a day of outing, and a score of other similar explanations were given, and no doubt all these were true answers to a greater or less extent; but the one great and real explanation was not given, and this was the general decay of religious belief. The churches have lost their hold on the hearts and minds of people because people—although they may be deeply sunk in error—no longer believe the essential doctrines on which the churches are founded, or at most only hold these doctrines as propositions upon which great doubt has come to be thrown. If the honest observation of the writer is any guide at all to the truth, anything like widespread popular conviction of the truth of the Bible miracles, of the religious doctrines of Heaven and Hell, the salvation of mankind through the sacrifice of Jesus, or even of the future life itself, no longer exists. Belief in God has become vague and indistinct, and it is not at all infrequent to hear professing Christians themselves so define their conceptions on these matters as to make it evident that their position is, perhaps quite unknown to them, a thoroughly

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agnostic one. Nor even can active ministers of the Gospel be entirely excluded from this qualification. To all this general inclusion the Roman Catholic Church is decidedly an exception. The tendency is strongly confined to Protestanism.

It must again be emphasized that the writer is only putting into words the current social exhibit along this line as he observes it, and is in no way expressing any opinions of his own as to religious concerns. The fact is, as he conceives it, that the scientific thought of the last three-quarters of a century has succeeded in pretty well undermining the old-time religious notions of the rank and file of the people, not only in our own country, but in England. The work of destruction began among the so-called higher intellectual classes—that is, among the real thinkers in the Protestant world. As a rule, these people, or very many of them, lost their faith while still figuring openly as members of churches or supporters of religious organizations. No one who reads to-day the diaries, letters, or records of conversation of eminent men living, say, fifty years since, can fail to perceive what the actual conditions of religious belief then were among this class, no matter what the outward conditions seemed to be. On numerous occasions some one of these personages is found writing or saying to a close friend something in substance like this: "All this rationalism is very well for you and me. We can believe what we want to and keep quiet about it. But it will never do to have the mass of people think as we do. Religion is still a great restraining force in the community, and we ought to hold up its hands for that reason. Think what would happen to the world if the mass of people really did think as we do. Of one thing we may be certain, that the best place for us then would be in our graves." Rightly or wrongly, it seems to many students of social affairs, both in this country and in the great English-speaking nation across the water, that at just this time the test and trial for the Anglo-Saxon race has arrived. There is a literal world of evidence going to show that the mass of people are exhibiting the results of a lack of moral restraint, due to the sweeping away of their old-time religious convictions. They have become a people without God in the world. "Our neighbor has property. Why not take it from him—under the forms of law, of course, but still so as to convert his prop-

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erty to our own use." Social theories are growing up a-plenty justifying just this sort of procedure. That the law itself is inclining to them is perfectly plain. Even the old common law that represents the accumulated fruits of the experience and conservatism of the Anglo-Saxon race is being so molded and construed as to no longer resemble its former self. A striking instance is, at the time of writing this article, the strong movement in Congress for the total exemption of farmers and members of labor unions from the operations of the Anti-Trust Law. Such an enactment is, on its face, grossly unconstitutional, and would strike at the very heart of the long-cherished principle of law and government in this country—that all classes and kinds of people are equal before the law. It would be only the next step to order the execution of individuals by a vote of Congress, as was done by the French Convention, or under an Act of Attainder by the English Parliament three centuries ago. The idea of personal liberty as it existed in this country in, say, 1814, no longer exists; and at least one of the substantial reasons therefor is not only that the country is called upon to struggle with ravenous hordes of people from Central and Southern Europe—an oversea invasion of Goths and Vandals unfamiliar with our forms of thought or of government—but that there is no longer a Day of Judgment for the deeds done in the body looming large and terrible in men's eyes.

The late Charles Eliot Norton wrote to a friend a few years before his death: "I am strongly inclined to write a lecture and to deliver it upon as many occasions as I can find this winter on the subject, 'Do People Any Longer Think.'" Mr. Norton passed, with many persons, for a chronic grumbler and pessimist; but this was only because he saw clearly certain maleficent popular tendencies and was outspoken concerning them. The collection of his letters, printed late last year, was one of the most interesting books of the twelvemonth, and, covering a long life as they did, in the course of which events had a chance to prove or disprove prophetic warnings, they disclosed Mr. Norton as a greater philosopher and keener critic than even his closest friends understood him to be. Over half a century ago Mr. Norton pointed out that with the era of Andrew Jackson began the rule of the mob in the United States. Before that time in politics and every other branch of society there was

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popular deference to the views of those who were recognized as thoughtful and wise men, or at least men possessing superior knowledge in particular fields of social activity. But, starting from the time of Jackson, the results of a social system founded upon manhood suffrage began to be apparent, and the moral tone of the country began to show enfeeblement. The unwillingness of people nowadays to consider public questions from any other point of view than that of immediate self-interest, or to be even willing to spare the time from their business to consider these questions at all, stands nowhere in such a naked light as in the degeneration of our press. The "reading public" in our country, at least in the sense in which it existed up to 1880, has almost disappeared. The public in this respect that does exist contents itself mostly with the newspapers; and the newspapers are to a very large extent no longer meant by those who prepare them to be thoroughly read. For one thing, they have become standardized—that is to say, the tendency has been with them to assume a common form and to adopt an almost absolute sameness of method of treatment of all subjects. But worse than this, they have become commercialized and woefully cheapened. The aim is no longer to produce literature at all, but to produce cheap reading-matter meant to be read, apparently, by cheap people. News matter and editorials are set forth chiefly as the dress and allurement of advertising matter. The newspaper is most successful now that has the most advertising. Despite all that may be said to the contrary and said vehemently, the advertising department now controls the newspapers of our country.

This is by no means a matter of choice with the publishers or proprietors of the newspapers. The situation in which they find themselves involved is in the nature of a predicament. The difficulty is that the price that the public has been willing to pay for good newspapers and magazines in recent years has not at all kept pace with the cost of producing these publications. Hence the newspaper or magazine publisher has been forced to depend less and less for the support of his enterprise upon the people who actually read his paper in the old-time way, and to depend more and more upon the support of people who wish to use the paper as an advertising medium. Newspaper sensationalism, fakery, and imposture have followed as a

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matter of course, and is freely tolerated by the public. The remnant of real readers is still able, perhaps, to find newspapers in which these evils are not carried to gross excess; but a more subtle difference is that even in most newspapers column after column of so-called reading-matter appears which, if not intended as indirect advertising matter itself, is printed for the purpose of securing advertising. As such matter tends to increase in quantity and to decrease in quality, the average newspaper is slowly becoming unreadable. The situation has so changed that if William Cullen Bryant, George William Curtis, Henry J. Raymond, John Bigelow, and other famous men formerly in the front rank of journalism—even one who died so lately as Charles A. Dana—were alive and in their prime to-day, they would be miserable failures in the practice of their profession. The number of newspapers in the entire country having anything even moderately resembling a literary "flavor" at the present time may be counted upon the fingers of one hand; and it is doubtful if more than one of these papers is commercially profitable. The truth might as well be frankly recognized and stated that the clientele of this sort of newspapers has vanished. The newspapers referred to are almost as good as they ever were, although they do not have the same money to spend in the employment of brilliant writers as they did in former days. They are clean and wholesome and still published with the idea of the thoughtful and respectable reader kept uppermost; but the thoughtful readers have gone and the newspapers themselves are ghosts of a dead and buried past.

The trend is toward the disappearance of editorials altogether, as well as the departments of literary, financial, musical, and dramatic criticism, and the leader-writer on the newspaper staff is becoming as ancient and deplorable a figure as the old-time actor that is represented in fiction and stage comedy. I am not unmindful of the explanation commonly given for this state of affairs, that people have become tired, and very properly so, of the "heavy stuff" printed in the newspapers of a former generation, and that people who complain of what is euphemistically called the "lighter touch" of to-day are like the old opera-goer who, when young people were describing with rapturous enthusiasm the lovely voice of Jenny Lind—greatest of all

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singers—used to say, "Ah! you should have heard Malibran." There is always an old school which conceives the achievements of a former day to be far superior to anything that the present has to offer. Be this as it may, modern editorial-writing in the United States seems to be set largely upon the models fashioned by the gentleman who used to be called the "peerless Mr. Powers," who twenty-five years ago wrote the drygoods advertisements printed each morning in the Philadelphia newspapers for Mr. Wanamaker's store. Mr. Powers's "style" was that of a chatty, cheery, sometimes half-slangy, and at all times, apparently, candid story about the wares daily offered for sale by his employer, and it was understood that he received greater compensation for his work than any other advertising writer in the country.

The decay of journalism is, after all, only typical of that which has overtaken American literature in general. The books of the great poets, philosophers, novelists, and historians of the nineteenth century who lived both in England and in this country are now almost as little read as are those of the men of the eighteenth century. It is a solemn fact, startling as it may seem to many people when it assumes the form of a statement in cold type, that for all practical purposes the works of Tennyson and Longfellow, of Thackeray and Dickens, of Macaulay and Emerson, are as dead as are the authors themselves. The writings of these men, of that great galaxy that thronged the Victorian Age, are still treasured by people of poetic feeling and aspiration, and their literary styles are held up by professors in our colleges as examples for ingenuous youth to follow. But they do not really interest the present generation, and the styles are not followed in the active literature of to-day. Whenever a man is heard saying that he admires or has even read many of the novels of George Eliot or Thackeray, or is at all familiar with the essays of Ralph Waldo Emerson or Macaulay, he is almost certain to be either a professional student of literature or a man in the neighborhood of fifty years old. All this might well lie in the ordinary course of nature and excite no regret if the place of the literary ideals thus supplanted were taken by other and higher ideals. But it must be said of the great mass of books now currently published that a large proportion are not really books at all, and that most of the so-called "best

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sellers " of the book trade are no more worthy to be classed as literature than the advertisements printed on the circus billboards. In quality these are, as a rule, below the grade of the dime novels published by the late Mr. Beadle of familiar memory to the boys of two generations ago.

By this time pretty nearly all discerning people understand the tremendous assistance to the work of demagogues that has been given by the tendencies that have been described. The newspapers, or most of them, will print anything, and any quantity of it, that is sensational, and print this to the exclusion of decent, although sober and old-fashioned, material. This has been described as a turkey-trotting age, and the newspapers say in their defense that they cannot be expected to set their pace to any lesser rate of speed than that maintained by the majority of the community. But, oh! the shame of it, the pity of it! It was almost thirty years ago that a young politician, who has since become very prominent in the public eye and whose career has been an undoubted exemplification of the truth of his words, said to me: " You have absolutely no idea of the personal and political following a man can get and of the amount of publicity the newspapers will give to him if he is only willing to be a little spectacular." The trouble in putting the case in this respect is to avoid the use of language that may seem too strong and may not seem to present the same exaggeration with which Professor Ross was unjustly charged. But it certainly seems to be the truth that there is no charlatan so cheap and vulgar that the newspapers will not be willing to exploit him and to persist in exploiting him.

As to our theaters, the character of representations there has been profoundly modified, and for the worse in recent years by the moving-picture shows; and as the case stands at the moment, it is not too much to say that the theater is engaged with the moving-picture show in a struggle for its very life. Mr. Charles Frohman, the eminent theatrical manager, is quoted as saying that, while the old class of dramatic performance proper is not exactly outworn, the play of the near future—that is to say, of at least next winter—must devote itself to " incident " and quick action and leave outside of its contemplation entirely anything pertaining to metaphysical study or poetic or dramatic meaning

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of the old-fashioned order. Surely these things were not always so in the United States. Our newspapers were not always panderers. They once were leaders; nor did our magazines find it necessary, in order to sustain their life, to exclude from their columns pretty nearly everything that could be classified as instructive material. It is not expected that the general aspect of our literature should continue of the same dry-as-dust character that prevailed in the early part of the last century. But because traveling in a barren desert is no longer agreeable, it does not by any means follow that living amid incessant earthquakes and whirlwinds is any more delightful. A mean of moderate quiet and rational enjoyment of life can certainly be found. Flippancy, shallowness, and catering to every low emotion need not necessarily take the place of dullness and dryness in literary production; and while it is a cardinal principle of human society that the manners and customs of people do change, there is such a thing, after all, as a degeneration of manners and customs and morals.

This article is not intended to afford material for the affirmative side of debate upon the question, "Resolved, that ancient times were superior to our own"; but it may be as well, perhaps, for the American people to ask themselves, seriously, just who the men and women are that are taking the place, for better or for worse, of the poets, philosophers, and historians who were writing throughout the century that began with 1901, and whether to-day the men and women who are writing for the press are or are not better than their predecessors. Going a little further, let us ask who are the men nowadays, and what is their character, who are the leaders of thought, the sources of national inspiration in our country, and how do they compare with those who have lately gone to their last sleep? Who are those who are stirring the hearts of our young men with romantic enthusiasm and visions of liberty and of the ideal beauty? Who are those who are thinking for us and dreaming for us as of yore, and leading us to commerce with the skies. Or are we to be told that enthusiasm, poetic vision, and commerce with the skies are no longer essential to the enduring life of a great nation, and that it is not true now, as it once was, that the things that are eternal are the things that are unseen.

There are those who say that our people are suffering

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from over-education; from being brought up better than their condition in life warrants. Education is greatly to be desired, of course; but the charge is made that an education that brings ideals, standards of living, and general personal desires that can only with great difficulty be secured is an education that makes for national trouble rather than the reverse. Of one thing there is no doubt, and that is that the standard of living has greatly advanced in the country, and that it is each year more difficult for the mass of people to find the wherewithal to live up to this standard. In the old days when the country was very much more of an agricultural nation than it is now, a maxim was that pretty nearly everything desired by those who lived upon farms should be taken out of the farm itself, that is to say, should be either made upon the farm or furnished by the farm in one way or another. The records that have come down to us from these times show that it was an event in a farmer's life to actually purchase anything with money. No one wishes that the conditions of those hard and terrible years should be brought back again, or supposes that they can be brought back; still, these were the years of economy and plain living and high thinking, when the foundations of present fortunes and of the greatness of the nation itself were laid. Is there now any such economy, any such careful taking thought whether or not money should be parted with for something that could not be made or produced at home, or for any purpose whatever?

It is a trite saying that the luxuries of one generation become the necessities of the next; but where in the history of mankind has there been such an appalling attestation of the truth of this principle as in our own country in the last twenty-five years? In our great cities successful business men are no longer willing to have their offices located in buildings that are merely richly furnished and exceedingly comfortable. They ask for and erect palaces for office buildings; and the homes, the dress, and general expenditure of wealthy people are on the same advanced scale. Nor is this lavish spending of money confined to the cities alone. In our country villages, where poverty is, perhaps, more generally dispersed than it was in the boyhood of men now in middle life, there are thousands of people who ten years ago did not think they were able to keep a horse, who are now, without any increase in

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individual wealth, owners of automobiles. It is the truth to say, as respects the amazing increase of the use of this form of transportation, that the American people have proved themselves powerless to resist the temptation to spend money that they could not afford to spend in the ownership of gasoline-machines designed for pleasure travel. The most important aspect of this entire matter is not that relating to specific facts to which reference has been made as it is to the general and underlying consideration that, whereas in all past times in the United States living has been very cheap, it is now very dear, and that for good or evil the country must reckon with the fact. Whether caused by increased immigration or increase in the birth-rate, the population of the country has increased in the last decade alone over twenty per cent.; and in the same period there has been an increase of only one per cent. in the quantity of domestic means of subsistence. In plain words, the problem which was outlined so many years ago by Macaulay and other interested observers of our new society, and as one that would surely confront us sooner or later, at last does confront us and in grim and unmistakable form. How is our nation to stand a struggle for existence so fierce that that which went on in former years was a mere pastime? How will property rights fare in the course of this struggle, and how have they fared already? What will be the fate of poetry and science, law and order, of every right and privilege and solace which we hold most dear, under the increasing difficulty of securing the means of living in the comfort and luxury to which we have been accustomed in later years—all this struggle coupled, moreover, if not with a general disbelief in the existence of a future state of reward and punishment, at least with a general conviction that knowledge as to a future life is and always will be unobtainable? To what extent has the bitterness of this struggle during the last twenty years alone already changed the American?

DANIEL F. KELLOGG.

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THE PASSING OF THE GENTLEWOMAN

BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

In the present phases of the eternal adjustment between the sexes there are many strange signs, portents, and tendencies. These have been given scant attention by the heated and dishevelled Amazons who carry on the siege against intrenched masculinity. Nor has masculinity itself pondered much upon the possible social results of this sex rebellion. The phenomena take place in the background of the battle, after the skirted legions have passed, and the structures, fired by Woman the Anarch, lie in ruins. They are phenomena that affect womankind in the mass—slowly and almost imperceptibly—in a manner resembling the gradual advance of a new season upon the sex, at present a sober autumnal season in which colors fade and harsh, bleak outlines are revealed. While woman has been conquering new territory, much of it desert land, she has also been losing great tracts of an old and magnificent realm in which her sovereignty had never been disputed. This was the realm of Ladydom—the immemorial empire of the gentlewoman. Every drawing-room was a province of this empire, every hostess an absolute queen in her own social microcosm. To-day both the power and the position of the lady are threatened. The ancient prerogatives are being annulled and deliberately discarded. Much that was false is crumbling into ruin, but also much that was fine.

The modern woman has realized that this queen, this stately arbiter of fashion, decorum, and social form, was little less than a prisoner. She was one who retained her prestige only so long as she exercised a cold and close restraint upon her natural self, subordinated her individuality, and lived in a sacrosanct seclusion with blinds drawn upon most of the unruly turbulence and unpleasant truths of life. She was

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the slave of the forms and the laws she administered and censored. The drawing-room of the lady was a gilded cage, a cage almost as narrow as the cell of some medieval abbess. Medieval, in fact, were her origin and attributes. She was a plant whose roots struck deep down into the soil of time, down to that stratum in the geology of our civilization known as the age of chivalry.

It was this epoch, compounded of a strange mixture of war and religion, of poetry and romanticism, which first raised woman from a mere nonentity to the position of a dominant spiritual mistress. About her trembled the pale and misty reflection of that light which gleamed from the forehead of the Madonna. Womankind in this aspect became semi-divine. Love purged itself of its grosser elements and became a ritual of vigils, penances, and sacrifices and of long and distant veneration on the part of the lover. His passion, tinged with a glowing Christian mysticism, endured the probation of years of separation, of passive submission to the fancied wish or whimsical command of the particular divinity pining in some dark, insanitary castle. Finally, passing into sheer religious ecstasy, attenuated and fanatic, it utterly renounced the earthly love.

The cloistered lady love was usually visible only from afar. Sometimes she was nothing more than a name, a mere myth, a phantom of light, beauty, and sweetness, vague, impersonal, almost superhuman, like the Beatrice of Dante, the Laura of Petrarch, the Leonora of Tasso. Yet for the sake of this figment of their imaginations men chilled themselves with vows of chastity, made long crusades, and raged with sword and battle-ax against the Saracen. The all-powerful Church, frowning upon the lures of the flesh, sent these puppets of noble blood clanking in iron on interminable pilgrimages like the humblest barefoot friars. Upon women the priesthood, as well as the hazards of their own environment, imposed an almost Oriental seclusion. The sexes, drawn apart, regarded each other mystically, through screens of religion, through staves of music, through veils of romance. Beauty became as a sacrament in woman, religion shed a saintly luster upon the courage of man. The minstrels, the troubadours, the minnesingers, gave these yearnings a voice and established them as a cult. Poetry and art hallowed and gave form and substance to this strange

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blending of religion with eroticism. Chivalry shaped for itself a code and became an institution.

The origin of the modern lady and gentleman may be traced back by devious ways to the institution of the knightly tourney. The set forms and rules, the high and aristocratic tribunal of birth and beauty, the swift and almost Roman censure by the adored one, the public judgments, favorable or adverse, pronounced upon every word, look, or action of the knight or squire—these gave birth to that code of knightly conduct which has persisted down to our day. In England the standards of the tourney influenced even the *villeins* of the time. The punctilious code of that later development, the sporting or duelling gentleman, soon produced its own rude echo in the cry of the pugilistic navvy: "Fair play!" Chivalry bestowed the sporting spirit on the lower orders in England; on Latin lands a gracious courtesy. The white flower of chivalry with its crimson heart which first bloomed in that far-off day must finally perish in ours. Woman herself has helped in their destruction. Like a statue suddenly sprung to life, she has leaped from her pedestal and boldly avowed herself of the same clay as man. The lady was the inspirer of courage in men and the guardian of the ideal chastity—the one reinforced by armor of proof, the other by walls of stone. The great lady, the genial hostess, the refined patroness, the glorified American woman lording it over her prostrate males—medieval figures all of them!—derive their power from the survival of a long-degenerate chivalry. And the wildest hammer-wielding virago still evokes chivalry in the cold abstract law which she assails.

Chivalry underwent many changes. Both the Reformation and the Renaissance transformed it and colored anew the relationships between the sexes. It suffered inevitable modification by influences of climate and race. When Cervantes laughed the older chivalry to death in the person of Don Quixote, he slew at the same time the earlier conception of the lady in the person of Dulcinea. Woman's divinity was dissipated. Her social power persisted, but her spiritual power was broken. The empty forms and rituals, however, remained and governed social intercourse as before. Courtesy and gallantry succeeded chivalry. Men retained the outward accents and attitudes of worship and subservience, but the spirit that had animated them was

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dead. One need only regard the whole painted and powdered structure of polite society in the eighteenth century, the period, above all others, of the great lady, to realize how empty a substitute for the old passionate chivalry was this pirouetting gallantry. But it was, nevertheless, something which served to cast a pleasant and gracious veil over the sense of male superiority and secret contempt. It was the mock homage of the strong to the weak. Woman, the child, was appeased by the graces, the compliments, and the attentions of the cavalier. The heavy sword of the crusader had become the light, thin rapier of the courtier, the iron visor was now a silken mask.

Despite these outward changes, the domain of the lady, like that of all women, still lay within four walls—in the home. Here men bowed to her decrees and heaped her with favors. But as soon as she set foot beyond these confines, she lost her pleasant prerogatives and became mere woman. For some hundreds of years she demanded formal homage from men, as a tribute from strength to beauty, as a gracious self-subjection of the male—secretly assured of his own conquest. She judged all masculinity according to the standards of the gentleman—the man who was gentle, patient, and considerate. She erected her own moral and social values. The various aspects and standards of the gentleman and lady, as considered first from a masculine and then from a feminine point of view, would result in many amazing discoveries. We should be given glimpses into the strange and abysmal misconceptions into which each sex has fallen with respect to the other, both victims of a hypnosis of tradition.

Observe, too, how the term " lord " has retained its original meaning and application, and on the other hand how the term " lady " has been widened in application as a sort of standard for the sex in general, without undergoing any great change as to the qualifications embodied by the term. The wife of a lord, a knight, gentleman, burgess, tradesman, or mechanic is always a lady now, by either address or implication. In America " lady " has almost entirely replaced " woman," as, for instance, " saleslady " or even " scrub-lady." One term, one tag, suffices to define and address the entire mass of unindividualized womankind.

Sedulously has woman helped to further and enforce a conception of the lady. She lived in a region of reflexes, of oblique distortions, in which false values of life and morals

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reigned supreme and hypocritical interpretations were given to the commonest facts. In that modern gynaeceum, the salon, as a German writer declares, the natural becomes the improper. An enormous literature, sugared over with sentimentality, has been erected around the lady. Nor need we probe very deeply into the past to realize how powerful an ally the Church found in the conventional lady. The threat of social excommunication by the *grande dame* was often more formidable than the threat of spiritual excommunication by the priest. Being herself a feudal flower artificially fostered, the gentlewoman was by her very nature forced to be reactionary. Her virtues were chiefly negative. Like the moon, she shone by reflected light. She was seldom permitted to take the initiative. What she must be she learned chiefly from what she must not be—from a long, appalling list of actions stigmatized as "unladylike." The implacable propriety of the Victorian period in England or the periodical fermentation of the sour leaven of Puritanism in America permits us to realize how stagnant, monotonous, and jejune was the world in which the model lady lived.

And now gallantry too has almost perished from the earth, at least in Anglo-Saxon lands. The ceremonies, courtesies, and graces of the cavalier, the beau, and the exquisite have degenerated into a mere formal offhand etiquette. The romantic reverence for woman as woman has begun to depart from the modern man, and his admiration for her later achievements has not yet developed sufficiently to hide his inherent and elemental contempt. Significant is the order of the Futurists, "Scorn woman." Significant, too, the recent discussions in London newspapers as to whether women had begun to lose their power of sexual captivation, and, no less, the heated and murky controversy as to the type of the "future woman."

To return to milady. The solemn dusk of her drawing-room is now rudely dispelled by new and ever-newer breaches in the walls. Shabby and outworn things are revealed. There are many signs that portend the doom and disappearance of the fine, yet somewhat pathetic figure of the patrician lady. Already she begins to have an air of unreality, as of something anachronistic from which life is ebbing. She is the flower of aristocracy, a delicate plant unsuited to the turbulent blasts of democracy. Her perfume is gentility, as that of the bourgeoisie is the odor of respectability. Strong

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bastions of custom and tradition still surround her, and heavy defenses of caste and class, but even on these has fallen the white twilight that foretells her destruction as surely as the livid flicker of the guillotine foretold theirs to the loveliest ladies of France. The change in her position and estate is, however, not due so much to revolution as to evolution. It is due as much to pressure from within as to pressure from without.

The first bonds were loosened long ago. It was the demiurgos, steam, that came to unsettle the customs and conditions of the gentlewoman. Here, as in so many other fields, mechanics came as a liberator and began its slow but inevitable metamorphosis of the social organism. The first disorganizing factor was the railway train. Accustomed either to a vegetative existence lasting from birth to death, or else forced, when journeying, to be subject to unpleasant contact with fellow-travelers in uncomfortable mail-coaches (not to speak of still more primitive methods of locomotion), the lady ventured but seldom out of her upholstered shell. But when the railway train with its various compartments made to imitate the coach, and with separate provision for the different classes, stood at her service, she hesitated no longer. Steam widened her radius and her horizon; it gave her facilities for travel almost equal to those of men. It brought about a broadening contact with strangers. The gentlewoman not only saw, but was seen. When the little domestic sovereign stirred abroad, she was, to be sure, usually attended by some cavalier or male relation who was to protect her against the terrors of the outer world. Very recent in point of time seems that day when to venture abroad save under male escort was considered infinitely daring for a lady. It was felt, and rightly felt, to be a violation of the essential qualities of her ladyhood, the virginity of her caste. Her mystery was being destroyed, her glamour dissipated, her sanctity and beauty rendered common by the vulgar stares and gross curiosity of the plebeian world.

The dress of the gentlewoman was in accordance with her rank. Beauty was reckoned highest as an asset in this sphere, which, in spite of its Christian traditions, held in it the root of an Oriental conception of woman. Its women of greatest beauty were usually its most influential figures. The basic reason for this is, of

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course, to be traced to the purely primitive sex-nature of man, in those tremendous forces that sweep under the crust of our civilization like electric currents beneath our pavements. The great lady who in addition to her beauty also possessed the power of adroitly directing these elemental forces of masculinity was able to wield a power truly imperial, as many a conspicuous example in history stands to prove. For the intellectual among these "rulers of kings" the tragedy of their triumphs lay in the fact that their power was accompanied by the knowledge of its source—that without physical beauty, sexual charm, or wealth their personality would have availed them little. The gentlewoman who lost or who had never possessed beauty, wealth, commanding station, or husband and children might well have reflected upon the bitterness of this truth. Often enough was she forced to eke out an obscure and sterile existence as a hanger-on of some household, a spectator at the feast of life, thwarted of her one great hope and purpose. She became, especially in England, that most pathetic of figures, the superfluous spinster, or declined into the "decayed gentlewoman," confined for life in the cage of her caste. To-day these frequently waste and lonely lives have found various outlets for their activities.

The second great disintegrating influence in fine-ladydom is comparatively modern. It came in the shape of new channels suddenly available for the expression of woman's taste or individuality. The arts, some of the professions, and finally even commercial enterprises, though severely and casuistically censored with respect to their "ladylike" qualities, began to draw upon the idle and overstocked world of feminine gentility. In England titled ladies opened millinery-shops, bred pedigreed bulldogs or Persian kittens, or painted miniatures for money. They catered to, yet strenuously maintained, their class. In America the daughters of old Knickerbocker families, on the collapse of the paternal fortunes, took posts as typists or bookkeepers, thereby defying the harsh dictum of which Washington Irving wrote: "It appears to be an established fact that a lady loses her dignity when she condescends to be useful." There are also those many secret and subterranean services rendered by less bold, but no less indigent ladies—a system of "genteel" tips, commissions from tradesmen, bonuses paid for introductions, and many other invisible ways

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of "keeping up appearances," of remaining—how pathetically!—"a perfect lady" untainted by contaminate ore or vulgar cash.

Despite this drawing-off of so much redundant femininity of the lady type, the established lady herself, safely intrenched within her town or country house and behind ramparts of tradition, seemed still secure. But into these reposeful homes the new decades have begun to breathe their breath of revolt. There are echoes of the world's affairs, its duties, and its problems. Philosophies that question, thought that destroys, literature laden with perilous problems or subversive tendencies eat away the ancient props, beliefs, and fetishes. Waves of the indefinable yearnings of the race and the tidal aspirations of an entire sex shake the dust and varnished pomp of the patrician lady's shell. Her life rings suddenly hollow. Either from inclination or in subservience to a new fashion she begins to take or to stimulate an interest in what has hitherto lain beyond her province. Ibsen and other writers have made clear and irksome to her the bondage of her soul and body—the imagined far more than the real. Fiery reformers thrust social roots and tentacles before her eyes, a matted network entangling alike the loftiest lady in the land and the lowest prostitute. What seems to be a conspiracy of the ages is unmasked, in which the ruthless processes of nature appear to have arrayed themselves against woman. The inner rifts of the lady's soul are laid bare. An incompatibility between the traditions of her state and the progress of the world is revealed—a discord that plays havoc with her mind and spirit. The gentlewoman becomes conscious of humanity, of herself as a unit of a sex and a race. The aspiration of the individual helps to ferment the mass; the inertia of the mass represses the individual. Between the two, as always, progress goes slowly and irregularly on.

The deepest and most extensive modern encroachments upon the sanctity and seclusion of the lady may be summed up in the one word exercise, divided into its two branches, sport and travel. Fixity of place and permanence of position were as necessary as her panoply and outward habiliments in order to give power and a faithful following to the social queen. Every home, every drawing-room, was a fixed unit, a central orb of narrow orbit with its attendant satellites, and now and then some meteor blazing in from

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uncharted space beyond. A sovereign must remain central. An itinerant or errant queen is without a court unless thrones and retainers be errant too. To err abroad was distraction, a display of unbecoming energy, an uprooting and displacement. The tempo of modern travel is not a stately one, and travel itself has long ceased to be a select, aristocratic privilege. The motor offered only a temporary escape from the promiscuity of the modern railway train. There merely ensued a promiscuity of the highways. Travel was not necessary to the patrician lady, but it is necessary to her successor, the woman of fashion. She must follow the prevailing mode and be widely known. This entails a dependence upon long visiting-lists, lavish expenditure, newspaper notices, and the multitude—above all, upon that which is the very antithesis of aristocratic aloofness—democratic sociability.

In a hurried and hectic age this element of travel means a subservience to "seasons"—from town to country, from the Riviera to Switzerland, or a "Bad," or perhaps gipsying in luxurious fashion over whole continents. Such haste is in itself destructive of "that repose that marks the caste of Vere de Vere." When strange motors, trumpeting like dragons of the prime, career through the countryside in clouds of dust and acrid petrol fumes, the modern rustic, instead of paying them the reverence once accorded the gentry in stately coach or landau, is far more likely to fling a pebble or mutter a curse, whether the occupants of the car be blue-bloods or merely bounders. Driven hither and thither, with that vast floating population which in and out of season sweeps to and fro between one land and another, the traditional lady is decidedly out of her element as soon as she sets foot in this stormy atmosphere of modern gad-about. She is jostled cheek by jowl with those international hordes of prosperous people to whom birth and breeding mean little or nothing, but who are able, nevertheless, to command superior service or luxuries in hotels, steamers, and the like. Her panoply is often drab and scant in comparison with that of the wives and daughters of prosperous brewers or pork-packers. She has, willy-nilly, become part of a stream of elegant vagabonds, bored, dissipated, unhappy, pampered, and afflicted with a childish craving for incessant change—a malady which need no longer be stigmatized as purely American.

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To have been a bit of flotsam in this tumultuous tide, to have had close contact with many types of all nations, ought, perhaps, to have a broadening and stimulating effect upon the character of the individual woman, but it is none the less a mill that grinds away the salient angles of a once conservative and individualized class. It was one of the essentials of the gentlewoman that she remain aloof and shine within her definite boundaries. She was a light that required a globe or shade. The flame or fire of her personality was supposed never to appear in its sharp nakedness.

With the entry of the lady into the field of sport, new influences immediately begin to operate. As Rosa Mayreder, a distinguished Austrian feminist writer, has pointed out, sport demands of women "great physical exertions, swift and violent movements, aiming more at sureness than at grace, or perhaps only a blunting of the sensibilities which exposes itself indifferently to all manner of minor disfigurements and injuries. All this militates against the orthodox conception of the lady who is presumed to be a weak and tender creature, in need of man's protection and veneration."

The irruption of women into the domain of sport as sport is comparatively recent. The medieval dame rode her palfrey and hunted with falcons. Later there was archery, later still croquet. True, the lady had not been debarred from the more exciting and more dangerous pastime of fox-hunting, for the hunt was only an inevitable extension of the liberty she had always enjoyed on horseback. Her costume, until the latter part of the last century, retained its long, flowing lines with the floating veil and white plume. All was essentially ladylike—in accordance with the spirit of a day which induced gentlemen to play cricket in stiff stocks, gaitered trousers, and top-hats. And it was a brave lady who wore the first top-hat with her riding-habit.

Then came the stealthy, polished safety-bicycle with its hushed tires to tempt the fine lady out of her stale and boresome world. Here, again, vast changes in society may be traced to a single mechanical contrivance. The safety bicycle might well be hailed as one of the chief liberators of the modern woman. The lady, still somewhat fantastically attired, pedaled breezily in the open air, flying like a female Mercury through lanes and city streets. Unabashedly by her

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movements she confessed to the obvious possession of a pair of legs. In America the more courageous even ventured upon the outright flaunting of the interesting fact by donning divided skirts and "bloomers." The garments were significant. They were uniforms—those of pioneers, of an advance-guard. Away with plumes, with silks, with laces and all fripperies! A "sensible costume" was the cry—and that cry was another deep wound in the status of the *grande dame*. For it had been one of her prerogatives that her costume need not be sensible—that is, utilitarian.

It is unnecessary to recount step by step the steady conquest of the field of sport by various classes of women, for all this lies well within the last decades. To-day we find the once gentle and delicate creature skiing madly down Alpine slopes, charging like a human projectile along the roads on motor-cycles, galloping astride on horseback, climbing stupendous peaks in distant lands, hunting big game, driving juggernauts of touring-cars, and even risking death in the treacherous aeroplane. In everything the "independence" and "originality" of woman are shown in following and imitating the man. Her games are becoming steadily more noisy, violent, and thoroughly masculine. The boisterous, sprawling hockey-girl, large of limb, and strident of voice, yells and ramps madly across the fields, mænad-like. The eugenist rejoices—likewise the nerve specialist. Is not this freedom, this unrestrained turbulence, this fierce, intense thirst for physical expression, significant of a natural, so-called pagan element which has come to supplant the reticence, the repression, the self-abnegation which a Christian asceticism or a medieval chivalry imposed upon women? More than one woman of title, for instance, has deigned to dance in airy "classic" costumes to edify *hoi polloi* of the music-halls. This paganism, whether it be healthy or neurotic, has begun to destroy the older cultivated beauty, the studied grace, the rare esoteric essence of femininity which the gentlewoman once guarded and preserved so jealously.

"What!" cry the "broad-minded" folk, "cannot a woman indulge in sport, in personal freedom? Cannot she do the things that men do, and still remain a perfect lady?"

To that ingenuous plea, *mesdames,* the answer must be a solemn negative. The perfect lady is a beautiful flower fostered and developed by laws rigid and unbreakable as those of the Medes and Persians. But the very concept

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of the lady was reared upon something false and unnatural. Her education as a girl, especially *in erotics,* was, as Nietzsche declared, monstrous. To-day her militant sister, aflame for reform, discusses sex, prostitution, disease, with a zest that is partly pathological and partly the result of a Utopian dream.

The realm of the true lady is still splendid, still vast. She still exerts her far-reaching and tremendous influence from within over the structure of society. Her ideals are still those postulated by George Eliot: "high veracity, delicate honor in her dealings, deference to others, and refined personal habits." The progress of her gradual effacement is something that can be read only on the dial of the generations. Loath as the world of poetry and romance may be to lose her, pathetic as is her fate in the rising floods of democracy, her loss, nevertheless, is attended by a certain very definite gain. Both mentally and physically, the race may profit. The decline of the gentlewoman is hailed with particular joy by those feminists who believe that the ideal relation of the sexes should be based upon comradeship. But the cult of comradeship has always been peculiarly male. It postulates bluntness, fair play, absolute honesty, great mutual tolerance and equality—elements usually excluded from the formal intercourse between lady and gentleman and even between man and woman. Comradeship between the sexes is possible in its purest sense only when consciousness of sex is lost. Predominant attributes and natural inequalities must first disappear. Modern civilization, it is true, seems bent on crushing and leveling the sex characteristics, just as modern democracy levels the social characteristics. This has already resulted in the evolution of a colorless hybrid of both sexes.

This tendency may even now be observed in that phenomenal sex-war waged under the illusive shibboleth of the vote. Here we have many living and significant examples. There is a disregard for and a loss of feminine beauty entirely uncompensated by greater genius or better health. The movement for political "rights," aiming at masculine prerogatives and standards, has produced strange types, shorn of all the glory of sex, ascetic, grim, mannish spirits in female frames. These rage against the restrictions which nature has imposed upon the sex and those which expediency and civilization, and not, as many sentimental feminists

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believe, the diabolical craft of men, have inevitably developed from these. The militant women naturally also wage war upon the ideals of the gentlewoman. They affect to scorn that tradition of feminine beauty in which they scent a debasing element in so far as it has been willed and desired by man. And yet—such is the adamantine natural law—woman will always appeal to man chiefly through her physical beauty. Man, as an English writer remarks, has sex, but woman is sex.

Should our romantic, Christian civilization, now slowly being effeminatized, evolve by degrees into a pagan or classic one—for which portents and auguries and even historical analogues are not wanting—it is possible that woman may lose far more than she has gained. A race of women deliberately divesting itself of those physical lures and beauties which serve a natural purpose, a race of women striving for a great and increasing share in the work and business of the outer world, would necessarily have an enormous effect upon the nature, attitude, and activities of the male. One may, perhaps, be permitted to indulge in a little speculation.

It is possible that man's inherent hunger for power and adventure may take other forms, perhaps that of a masculine cult of strength and beauty, partaking of a newer, purified Hellenism and in accordance with the natural advantages and ascendency of the male animal. Woman—drab, utilitarian, and self-divested of those artificial or acquired beauties by which she has cleverly thwarted nature's intention of making her the less beautiful sex—may again, should she fail to appeal to man's sexual or esthetic nature, sink into a subordinate place. Or this may be brought about through the gradual usurpation of the occupations of men by the increasing number of so-called neuter women, already so active in the world as the slaves of a mechanical routine. Or it may occur through a subversion by that barbarism, possibly Mongolian, which awaits devitalized nations even in our day.

Humanity equips itself with a new civilization and new values or reverts in circles to the old. In either case, the asexual woman may become the industrial worker, the sexual man the artist, the hunter, the warrior—true to his esthetic impulses, his errant soul and lust for conquest. He may degenerate and become the human drone in the beehive of a

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matriarchy. He may so develop himself by eugenics as to become the superman—which, contrary to usual belief, does not necessarily imply a superwoman. A mind luminous with the prophetic irony of an Anatole France, and capable of piercing through the accretion of future ages, might behold in some such state, extravagant as it may now seem, one of the inevitable results of the sexual insurrection which subordinated feminine beauty and sexuality, created a sterile third sex, and sent the gentlewoman to her doom. In destroying the lady let us beware lest we fail to rescue the real woman from the ruins.

HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

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THE POETRY OF ALFRED NOYES

BY PHILIP LOMBARD GIVEN

"I ACKNOWLEDGE my greatest debt to Mr. Kipling," said Alfred Noyes in a recent lecture. He was speaking of the influences which had molded his poetic thought. This may well be, for Kipling has created a new form of literature which must be reckoned with by those who come after. No big spirit—and Noyes is one, by the way—can escape Mr. Kipling's influence. It is to actual or at least potential lovers of Kipling that Alfred Noyes speaks. One is impressed with that upon first reading the "East End Coffee-Stall," for example, with its almost brutal strength. But strength is not the only thing in Kipling, and it certainly is not in Noyes, who has taken over more of the inward spirit of Kipling's work than of its rough medium, more of the ringing hopefulness and joy of life than of the sordid exterior. Noyes is a poet, first and always, and sordidness does not of itself delight him; but he is willing, like Kipling, to rub elbows with the rougher parts of life, unlike any modern English poet, except Browning. Mr. Kipling has gone down to the sea in ships and to the East with armies of conquest. "Men live there," is his verdict; and where there is real living there is the joy of life. Mr. Noyes has not sailed the world around in person, quite as Mr. Kipling has; but he has traversed the world and the centuries, too, in imagination. His broad sympathy and understanding of all phases of life is remarkable. His subjects are drawn from every field, and he runs the gamut of human emotions. Already, though still a young man, he has carried us through children's fancies and the joy of youth, to love, romantic adventure, and tragic incident, pictures of roistering taverns, deep woods, enchanted islands, and vast surging oceans, themes of humor, tender memory, courage, and simple faith. All these have been attempted and handled

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with equal facility. One begins to wonder what his limitations are. This breadth of sympathy links him with Kipling. Like Kipling, it is not mere versatility, but it is the natural expression of a mind in contact with the elemental part of human nature under all phases. On the surface, there are many differences between the two men. Mr. Kipling is a great writer of stories and of some rather rough, though powerful, verse. Mr. Noyes is the author of a considerable body of poetry in many charming meters and delicate forms of imagination. But the spirit of the two men is the same. To see that Kipling is the starting-point for Alfred Noyes, one has only to compare Noyes's liberal outlook with Tennyson's conventional vision. Alfred Noyes is anything but conventional. He is the spokesman of human nature, quite uninfluenced by the prejudice of class or creed.

To realize Mr. Noyes's power to mingle rough humor with high romance, one has only to read that rollicking, splendidly grotesque tale of "Bacchus and the Pirates." As a recent critic has said, one who read that poem and did not have his heart warmed must have, as the French say, "no interior." Much the same grotesque but delicious theme is found in "Black Bill's Honeymoon" and "Forty Singing Seamen":

Across the seas of Wonderland to Mogadore we plodded,
Forty singing seamen in an old black barque,
And we landed in the twilight where a Polyphemus nodded
With his battered moon-eye winking red and yellow through the dark!
For his eye was growing mellow,
Rich and ripe and red and yellow,
As was time, since old Ulysses made him bellow in the dark!
Cho.: Since Ulysses bunged his eye up with a pine-torch in the dark!

The reason these poems are so satisfyingly humorous is that their foundation is so big. What is only latent in them is expressed directly in that magnificent swinging poem of marching humanity, "Rank and File."

I

Drum-taps! Drum-taps! Who is it marching,
Marching past in the night? Ah, hark,
Draw your curtains aside and see
Endless ranks of the stars o'er-arching
Endless ranks of an army marching,
Marching out of the measureless dark,
Marching away to eternity.

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II

See the gleam of the white sad faces
  Moving steadily row on row,
    Marching away to their hopeless wars:
Drum-taps, drum-taps, where are they marching?
Terrible, beautiful, human faces,
  Common as dirt, but softer than snow,
    Coarser than clay, but calm as the stars.

IX

What do you know of the shot-riddled banners
  Royally surging out of the gloom,
    You whose denials their souls despise?
Out in the night they are marching, marching!
Treasure your wisdom, and leave them their banners!
  Then—when you follow them down to the tomb
    Pray for one glimpse of the faith in their eyes.

This is Kiplingesque strength for you. It is poetry and philosophy as well. There is the stir of valiant endeavor. There is the yearning of a great heart, too, over the sad multitudes of human souls that march through the ages, and a defense of their essential dignity and simple faith.

This plea for simplicity, childlike reverence, and heroic loyalty to those ideals we discover to be our own, is the keynote of Alfred Noyes's philosophy and his message to our chaotic and groping age.

Is the world a heartless mechanism where ideals and emotions are impediments, where we, like little pistons, slide back and forth in a thousand grooves, forever grinding out "products," forever "making good," and forever attaining greater "efficiency"? Or have we found ourselves in a huge arena of conflicting passions, where each individual finds the zest of life in wresting from his neighbor what they neither of them need to be happy, where society is shattered by the struggle of class with class, where the laborer demands more than he deserves, and the organizer is loth to give up that which he did not earn, where the man of thought is driven to watch the struggle in helpless scorn and to express himself, if at all, not in big human emotions, but in subtleties, or in the sensuous enjoyment of beauty? These questions the age is propounding to itself. Most people are avoiding reply by plunging into activity; a few are bitterly answering in the affirmative. The old too literal faith being shattered and none to take its place, men are drifting back upon these rocks.

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But to both of these questions as I have put them Alfred Noyes sounds a clarion and prophetic no! Let our struggle no longer be purposeless, our efficiency no longer without a goal. This place we live in is not the world machine of science and business, nor is it merely the economic arena of crude human passions. The world is a place where men labor and struggle, to be sure, but not solely against one another. It is a place where men may be efficient, but not for the sake of efficiency. It is, on the contrary, a region of wonder and romance, where every man is embarked on a great adventure, a joyful adventure, the end of which is mystery, but the manful voyaging of which is the only thing worth while.

> Marchaunt Adventurers, chanting at the windlass,
> Early in the morning, we slipped from Plymouth Sound,
> All for Adventure in the great New Regions,
> All for Eldorado and to sail the world around!
> Sing! the red of sunrise ripples round the bows again.
> Marchaunt Adventurers, O sing, we're outward bound,
> All to stuff the sunset in our old black galleon,
> All to seek the merchandise that no man ever found.
> *Chorus:* Marchaunt Adventurers!
> Marchaunt Adventurers!
> Marchaunt Adventurers, O, whither are ye bound?—
> All for Eldorado and the great new Sky-line,
> All to seek the merchandise that no man ever found.

This magnificent Elizabethan song from the "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern" strikes the key-note of Noyes's philosophy. It is at once a protest and a promise; a protest against the tremendous but soulless science of the past century and the joyless materialism of the present, and a promise of new hope, new joy, new realms for "hearts of gold" to conquer.

There is not so much need for Mr. Noyes to protest against Spencer and Darwin, because modern scientists, though admitting the great work those men did, have already repudiated their limited philosophies. The Physicist to-day is confronted by the fact that the farther he drives his pitiless logic into the world of atoms and electrons, the more he is involved in mystery and the less likely is the attainment of some irreducible element of matter. The modern miracle is not that the laws of matter may be momentarily set aside; but that matter itself is becoming so shrouded in mystery that it is hard to distinguish the material from the

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non-material. The Biologist no longer is satisfied with the simple doctrine of Natural Selection as a blanket to cover all the unexplained facts of reproduction in the world of plant and animal life. He now admits that Chance, after all, is but a word for explaining away what is not yet explained, and that *some* purpose actuates life. Whether that purpose be a mere "will to live," as Schopenhauer tells us, a self-creating and self-directing energy, as M. Bergson would have us believe, or the moral will of Christianity, may still be debated. But clearly Science is no longer trying to crush the element of mystery and wonder out of life. On the contrary, Science is to-day supporting those things more successfully than any other agency, more than religion itself.

What Noyes's poetry protests against, therefore, is not the science of to-day, but the effect of the science of yesterday upon the life of to-day. Mr. Noyes's poetry protests against the swift and pitiless machinery of modern existence. Why is all our life on such a material basis? Why do our rich men think only of accumulating more money and then of the best way of getting rid of it? Why is all our business run for the sake of efficiency in disregard of human lives and happiness? Why are we giving our poorer brothers cleaner houses to live in and better food to eat, but letting them pick up their spiritual nourishment in the gutters? Why are we ourselves overwhelmed with work and worry without any clear idea where it is all coming out? Simply because we lack a goal. We work for the sake of doing something, to relieve ourselves from ennui, or else we allow ourselves to set up goals that in our hearts we know to be unworthy of the best in us. To sensitive spirits, battered almost into indifference by the resistless motions of the social machine, the manly voices of Kipling and Noyes have come with the promise of new life and joy. Kipling has showed us the eternal value and interestingness of human souls wherever they are found, even in the low places of the earth. Life is worth living, after all, even if it is largely sordid and tragic.

So says Mr. Kipling, making self-expression the essential thing; but Noyes goes him one better. Not only can men live to the fullest as they did once under the splendid humanism of Elizabeth's reign, but they can also live for a purpose, the purpose which only whole-hearted loyalty to, and pursuit of, an ideal can give.

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Mr. Noyes's poetry is likely to serve as a strong antidote to some recent tendencies in the world of letters. What with Mr. Shaw continually prodding us with his delicious satire and addling our minds with his intellectual somersaults, and what with all the striving novelists and their fearfully pressing problems of sex and society, we have reached a pitch where the wind of a problem play or the tramp of a suffragette makes a timid man wish for a cyclone-cellar. These writers, like the less clever persons who have been satiating us with verse that either is flabbily sensuous or strives after "virile" effects by presenting objects purely brutal and uncouth, have no doubt served their turn. But we listen with relief and joy to a new voice which sings easily and out of a great simplicity, of themes neither superficial nor degrading but ennobling and deep as humanity itself.

I challenge any of Mr. Noyes's clever critics to pen such a rollicking, blissful, mad spring tune as "The World's May Queen," or such a delicately suggestive lyric of tender memory and childlike feeling as "Haunted in Old Japan":

> Music of the star-shine shimmering o'er the sea
> Mirror me no longer in the dusk of memory:
> Dim and white the rose-leaves drift along the shore.
> Wind among the roses, blow no more!
>
> Lonely starry faces, wonderful and white,
> Yearning with a cry across the dim sweet night,
> All our dreams are blown adrift as flowers before a fan,
> All our hearts are haunted in the heart of old Japan.
>
> All along the purple creek, lit with silver foam,
> Sobbing, sobbing voices, cry no more of home!
> Soft beyond the cherry-trees, o'er the dim lagoon,
> Dawns the crimson lantern of the large low moon.

The simplicity of Mr. Noyes's poetry is just the thing that confounds his critics. Accustomed to complexity of thought and subtlety of feeling in the later work of Henry James and George Meredith, and to psychological introspection in all the modern novel writers, and to the clever paradoxes of Chesterton and Shaw, and accustomed in poetry, on the other hand, to the sensuous imagery of Swinburne and the pretty sentiment of some more recent writers, it is difficult for many of the critics to appreciate this new poet with his big thought and his heart of a child. Failing to see

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the breadth of his ideas and the depth of his feeling, the only thing left for these gentlemen to do, naturally, is to pick flaws in the form and criticise Mr. Noyes for his lack of compactness and neatness of language and his "journalistic fluency." He is fluent, to be sure, but it is a divine abundance of thought and feeling, not the carelessness of one unfaithful to his art. It may be admitted that his lines have not such condensed beauty as those of Shelley or Keats; but Alfred Noyes has bigger, more human feelings to convey than either of those poets. He does not suggest the Lethean sweetness of the nightingale's song nor the rushing, luminous, aerial beauty of the clouds, but he does sing the joy and greatness of human loyalty and strenuous endeavor. These are great themes, and Mr. Noyes will take his place as their spokesman along with Kipling and Browning, whose splendid humanism, by the way, was decidedly before its time.

No quotation could possibly do justice to these great themes. They are to be found throughout Mr. Noyes's work, and more strongly in his longer poems than in the short ones. In "Drake," we find perhaps their fullest expression. In spite of many youthful defects, of repetition, exaggeration, exuberance of imagery, and a few arid passages, "Drake" maintains a surprisingly high level and comes very near to being a great poem. "Flos Mercatorum," the eighth of the "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern," is a shorter and more mature expression of this theme of honorable endeavor toward an ideal goal. The narrator, at the close, describes old Whittington, the great Lord Mayor of London, and his Alice, after a life of strenuous labor kneeling like children in prayer.

> From such simple hearts,
> O never doubt it, though the whole world doubt
> The God that made it, came the steadfast strength
> Of England, all that once was her strong soul,
> The soul that laughed and shook away defeat
> As her strong cliffs hurl back the streaming seas.

To categorize Mr. Noyes's poetry as the "bubbling of a mountain spring" is hardly a statement of the whole truth in the face of such high themes as these, so magnificently handled. To call him emotional, but not intellectual, is dangerous, as casting some suspicion upon the capacity of the speaker's own thinking apparatus. Like all men who think

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on broad and big lines, Mr. Noyes does not beat about the bush, but marches straight to his goal, not deigning to say clever things which do not advance the main theme, or to placate the persons who "would peep and botanize" about his feet.

And yet Mr. Noyes has lighter moods. Indeed, they are better known than his bigger work. Some of his early songs —if anything can be called early for one still so very young —are very beautiful; for example, "The Return," "O Hedges white with laughing May." The charming lyrics which stud the splendor of "Drake" and the beauty of "Sherwood" would make the fame of an ordinary man; such, for example, as "Nymphs and naiads, come away" or "Now the purple night is past," or Blondel's song in "Sherwood."

"The Flower of Old Japan" is typical of a number of poems dealing with the fancies and emotions of childhood. These poems, like Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses," were, of course, not written solely for children. They communicate to grown-ups the spirit of childhood. This world of fancy not all of us have been through, even as children; but to such as have, these poems bring a renewal of happy dreams and a revelation, too, of our loss through the silent passing of the years.

The road to old Japan! you cry,
  And is it far or near?
Some never find it till they die;
  Some find it everywhere;
The road where restful Time forgets
His weary thoughts and wild regrets
  And calls the golden year
Back in a fairy dream to smile
On young and old a little while.

If Mr. Noyes, with all his versatility, had done nothing more than lead us into impossible and perhaps really un-Japanese, but dear, delightful Old Japan, he would have deserved a crown of laurel from all the men and women who really once were children. Would that we all might be as successful as Mr. Noyes in keeping fresh within our deepest heart a gleam of the pure child's spirit. For he who possesses it need not wander far afield to satisfy the deepest of human longings, the desire for something beyond our ken which stirs and baffles us in every great work of art or nature

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and in every shining human face. It is that which transcends beauty and knowledge, the mystery, and at the same time the heart, of the universe.

A word must be spoken of the rich imagery of Noyes's poetry. It barely needs to be mentioned to recall a hundred examples. No poet since Swinburne, except Francis Thompson, has had such a facile command of visual description. Take, for example, these delicious stanzas from "The Rock Pool":

> And over soft brown woods, limpid, serene,
> Puffing its fans the Nautilus went its way,
> And from a hundred salt and weedy shelves
> Peered little horned faces of sea-elves:
> The prawn darted, half seen,
> Thro' watery sunlight, like a pale green ray,
> And all around, from soft green waving bowers,
> Creatures like fruit out-crept from fluted shells like flowers
>
> Suddenly, from that heaven beyond belief,
> Suddenly, from that world beyond its ken,
> Dashing great billows o'er its rosy bars,
> Shivering its dreams into a thousand stars,
> Flooding each sun-dried reef
> With waves of color, (as once, for mortal men
> Bethesda's angel) with blue eyes, wide and wild,
> Naked into the pool there stepped a little child.
>
> Her red-gold hair against the far green sea
> Blew thickly out: her slender golden form
> Shone dark against the richly waning West
> As with one hand she splashed her glistening breast,
> Then waded up to her knee
> And frothed the whole pool into a fairy storm!
> So, stooping through our skies, of old, there came
> Angels that once could set this world's dark pool aflame.

It is hardly necessary to speak of the splendid rhythm of Mr. Noyes's poetry. That, like his imagery, is one of the first things to strike the reader, and continue to move him with wonder. It is not that the rhythm is complex. Usually, like his thought, it is easy to comprehend; but complexity and obscurity are not the distinguishing marks of genius, though unfortunately genius is sometimes unable to express clearly its noblest ideas. The Noysian meter, though of great variety, has a certain characteristic sameness; but the one who says to himself, "Go to! I can write

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as good," will soon find himself undeceived. The tempestuous sweep of "Drake," the human joy of "The Barrel-Organ," the gay and tender music of "The Companion of a Mile," wherein we find and love Will Kemp, "a man so quick to bleed at a pin-prick or to leap laughing through hell to save a butterfly," all these have rhythms beyond the power of imitation.

My purpose is not to extol Alfred Noyes's power and skill as a poet—that will be recognized soon enough—but rather to understand him and try to put in laboring prose a few of the ideas that underlie his work, and express in conceptual language the meaning of the feelings he arouses. It has been said that "the most important characteristic of the real critic—the man who penetrates the secret of a work of art—is the ability to admire greatly." It is not the only requisite, to be sure, but it is, after all, "the most important." The greatest kind of criticism and, unfortunately, the most scarce, is that which by this method reaches the heart, the spirit, the philosophy of a writer, and does not content itself with an easier and perhaps more entertaining account of the externals of his art.

Mr. Noyes has recently published some forceful appeals for world peace. Thus he would not encourage too close an imitation of the Elizabethan Age, with its rough and somewhat bloodthirsty ways. There is no inconsistency in this. Mr. Noyes's purpose in writing "Drake" and the "Tales of the Mermaid" was not to draw an accurately historical picture of the times. That is the part of the scholar, not of the poet. It may well be doubted that Elizabeth was quite as gracious, or Francis Drake quite as noble, as they are depicted; or that the gods at the Mermaid acted and talked quite so divinely. Yet we may well believe they often rose to such levels or even higher, in spite of the experienced gentleman who was reminded of "the old crowd in Bill's room at college, as described at a reunion dinner by a teary alumnus after three glasses of champagne"! The remark is its own refutation. Mr. Noyes is neither an historian nor a "teary alumnus," but a poet who is trying to give us human emotions at their healthy biggest and deepest. In this sense, he has caught the soul of the Elizabethan Age like no writer since that time. I, for one, do not see in him this "eternal nostalgia of the past, half-stifled by our self-complacency and our belief in human perfectability!" Mr.

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Noyes does not necessarily believe in perfectability; but he does believe in the power of ideal concepts of perfection in human life, and it is his endeavor by the use of them to stir the world to nobler quests and more splendid achievement. But clearly it is to civilized, not barbarous achievement. Mr. Noyes can well decry war as wanton destruction and degradation, and urge modern men to find their romance in more civilized ways. Better than plundering Spanish galleons on the high seas is the pursuit of a right, but unpopular, course of action or even a simple and efficient loyalty to one's job.

Among the discordant voices of a multitude of pseudo-spiritual leaders, these things may profitably be spoken with the quiet dignity which they demand. Mr. Noyes sees the confusion of the times and all the running after strange gods—almost laughable if it were not so serious. He was thinking, perhaps, of this baffled searching for spiritual truth when he wrote the dazed and broken cry of the "Mad Moonshee," which expresses also the thought that it is so difficult for people who have accustomed themselves to think in terms of purely material ends to understand a great new spiritual idea:

If the blossoms were beans,
I should know what it means—
This blaze, which I certainly cannot endure;
It is evil, too,
For its color is blue,
And the sense of the matter is quite obscure.
Celestial truth
Is the food of youth;
But the music was dark as a moonless night.
The facts in the song
Were all of them wrong,
And there was not a single sum done right;
Tho' a metaphysician amongst the crowd,
In a voice that was notably deep and loud,
Repeated, as fast as he was able,
The whole of the multiplication table.

Mr. Noyes, however, has neither the dazed uncertainty of the Mad Moonshee, nor the heavy dogmatism of the metaphysician. His message is clearly a spiritual one. There is nothing in Tennyson, Browning, Kipling, or anywhere else which strikes the spiritual note more boldly than that wonderful song in "Sherwood," "The Old Knight's Vigil":

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Once, in this chapel, Lord
  Young and undaunted,
Over my virgin sword
  Lightly I chaunted—
"Dawn ends my watch. I go
Shining to meet the foe!"

"Swift with thy dawn," I said,
  "Set the lists ringing!
Soon shall thy foe be sped,
  And the world singing!
Bless my bright plume for me,
Christ, King of Chivalry.

"War-worn, I kneel to-night,
  Lord, by Thine altar!
Oh, in to-morrow's fight,
  Let me not falter!
Bless my dark arms for me,
Christ, King of Chivalry.

"Keep Thou my broken sword
  All the long night through
While I keep watch and ward!
  Then—the red fight through,
Bless the wrenched haft for me,
Christ, King of Chivalry.

"Keep, in Thy piercéd hands,
  Still the bruised helmet:
Let not their hostile bands
  Wholly o'erwhelm it!
Bless my poor shield for me,
Christ, King of Chivalry.

"Keep Thou the sullied mail,
  Lord, that I tender
Here, at Thine altar-rail!
  Then—let Thy splendour
Touch it once . . . and I go
Stainless to meet the foe."

If poetry is to be the religion of the future, we have here a very successful beginning. It is serious poetry, at any rate, whatever its future rank may be, and it has a remarkably broad emotional appeal. It is not for one class, but for all classes. It is not for esthetes, ministers, or socialists only, but it is for big-hearted leaders of men everywhere.

PHILIP LOMBARD GIVEN.

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WRIT IN WATER

BY ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN

How very kin is man to nature in his habit of adapting to myriad forms and ends every substance which takes the impress of his spirit, from the hardest granite to the delicate spinnings of the silkworm. Does not Nature, the mother of fair enchantments, do the same thing, with flower and feather, earth and water, and every other element with which she works?

Behold her fair and naughty witcheries with water, with whose mutability she suggests a feminine counterpart to the more seemingly solid and masculine earth, especially as it manifests itself in rugged mountain peaks. Watch her exultant transformations with this most plastic medium, which almost seems like matter on its way to spirit—the spirit which it attains when it is translated by the sun. She makes fogs, vapors, mists, clouds, rain, and rainbows with it; she distils it into dew-drops, or mixes it with earth for the creation of bogs and swamps, or mixes it with minerals for the healing of human ills; she makes brine, surf, and whitecaps with it; she freezes it into snow, hail, and ice, and finally petrifies it, after her manner of running the entire gamut of possibilities.

She hews the hardest rocks with it; she plays with it, sings with it, chants with it, and roars with it—blesses and curses with it, according to the measure of her giving or her withholding.

Beginning with a raindrop and ever adding the little more that finally makes so much, how innumerable is the series of water-wonders she creates till she reaches her climax in the ocean, over which she has so effectively waved her wand that it can be the great communistic bath-tub of the human race and at the same time lose nothing of its perennial sublimity. Like a great literary artist, who from the same ink-

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stand and fount of inspiration conjures a triolet, a stately sonnet, a lyric, or a mighty epic, so does Nature, writing from her vast cosmic inkstand of water, enscroll the earth with water-writ songs. Thus the whole globe is set to music—the voice of many waters—which, if one could hear it in its entire volume, might well be one of the mightiest scores in the music of the spheres. And how soothing it is, in the midst of the roar of a great city, to close one's outward ear and with the inward one hear the glad little songs of thousands of brooks, the deep full choruses of great rivers, the solemn chants of waterfalls and cataracts, and the steadfast music of the sea.

Working with earth, the great artist may sometimes write passages which seem to be prose, but never when she writes with water. Even in her most utilitarian strophes of rainwater she uses wild rhythms and dramatic intermezzos of thunder and lightning, sometimes closing her performance with the exquisite envoy of a rainbow.

Nor does she ignore the artistic possibilities of the single drop. By a shrewd control of atmospheric conditions she distils a more ethereal counterpart of the raindrop in the dewdrop, and mimics in its dazzling tints the splendor of all the jewels with which mankind has pieced out his vocabulary of love and pride. With another intercelestial incantation she refines her medium to fogs and mists, abolishing the harsh angles of the world and throwing a veil of glamour over objects which have lost their mystery in the common light of day. (This is Nature, the Mystic, as we again find her in some of her subterranean waterways yet to be mentioned.) Before she has finished experiments with water in its refined form she makes a collaboration with the sun in the moving pictures of cloudland. These, by her own white magic, she continually changes on the reel of nights and days, so that never twice in all the day-paged ages has she repeated herself.

That Nature herself feels a bit of pride in this celestial translation of her work one suspects from her clever arrangement of ocean, lake, and river mirrors which capture the reflections of the clouds and bring them within the myopic range of the man who forgets to look up at the heavens.

Working with her marvelous medium on the earth, Nature keeps her old rule of doing nothing by leaps. From the tiniest rill—a simple little rondeau sung in the wooded hills

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—she goes on increasing her volume from pastoral brook and lyric rivulet till she writes a great epic in an Amazon or a Mississippi. By the same imperceptible steps she passes from the ignoble puddle, whose very name classifies it, to the inscrutable pool, full of dreams, the little lake, the larger one, the great lake, the inland sea, and her *magnum opus,* the ocean. Each of these she further varies by her canny sorceries of depth, chemical composition, and reflections, now producing an emerald pool, a salt lake, a dead sea, or the inky oceans of the tropics.

Still ringing new changes on her old songs, the gay leader of these unique orchestras lures her brooks to some steep rocky cliff and dares them to rush over the brink. Being her children, of course they accept the dare, and burst into a sonorous cascade of exultation, which was precisely what the dear old dreamer of dreams intended.

This experiment successfully carried out, she " tries it on " with larger streams all over the world, crowning her achievements with Niagara, the Kaieteur, and the Takakaw Falls in the valley of the Yoho. Then, perhaps by the auto-suggestion of falling water, she works out another idea: if falling water could be so effective, how would it look if rushed up in the air? Why not, indeed, when no sooner thought than done is the watchword of our fair enchantress.

So, commanding her fearful underground Vulcans, she fashions the geyser as easily as a man gets steam from a teakettle. Compared with the tender little folk-song of the brook, the geyser is operatic in its effect and somewhat more like a *tour de force* than waters which simply obey the law of gravity. Having successfully run a stream of hot water up in the air, one expects Nature to reverse her tactics and engineer a river underground, and the dear Lady of Caprice does not disappoint our expectations. For with water, as with every other element in her control, she sooner or later plays the mystic, for ever luring man with the game of hide-and-seek to keep his wonder alive. How many of these mystic underground streams there are that run " through caverns measureless to man " we know as little as we know the number of gold and silver veins yet to be discovered.

Related to the subterranean stream in its charm of mystery are the thousands of springs that bubble out of the earth, now as pure as " dew distilled at even," or again flavored with all manner of minerals for the healing of all

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manner of ills. Here also Nature plays another of her favorite games, "guess which," as she does with all her fruits, herbs, and other edibles and non-edibles. Out of a thousand different mineral springs there may be one which will cure you. "Go and find it, then," whispers the silence of this wise Dame Sans Souci; "the game is on with my mineral springs as it is with everything else in my treasure-packed universe, but the rules of the game are precisely the same as those in 'Hunt the Lady's Slipper' which you must play if you would find the one woman in a million—I won't say which million—with whom you would be happy."

Thus with teasing nonchalance Nature bubbles over in thousands and thousands of springs, but will never play the rôle of paternalism to rob mankind of his initiative and the joy of adventure. Another trick of her coquettish habit of keeping man guessing is to put a fresh-water spring in the midst of a body of salt water, so that it is available only at low tide. Still more Shavian whimsies are a hot-water spring bubbling up out of cold water, as it is found in St. Michael, in the Azores, and the Cascades of Hieropolis, falls which were turned to stone by their own deposits slowly made through the ages.

Not only does Nature apparently enjoy playing with the position and composition of her spring waters, but with the size and fashion of the cups, now Lilliputian, now Brobdingnagian, in which she offers them to man. Such a suggestion one gets from some of the hot springs in Abyssinia, which issue from the top of what look like huge ant-hills, twenty feet high, but in reality are pyramids built by successive mineral deposits of the water itself. Still stranger are the beakers she fashions in the shape of water-storing plants for arid regions like the deserts of Mexico. Such plants, "with private cisterns," are the *Ibervillea Sonoræ*, the *Beaucarnea œdipus,* which has the bases of its trunks swollen to a diameter of seven or eight feet, the barrel cactus, and the *Pilocereus fulviceps,* of which a single plant may retain several hundred gallons of water. From these larger goblets Nature tapers down till she plays doll's house with the naughty enticements of pitcher-plants, which she designs in thirty-five species in the tropics alone.

Reading of these parched lands, where the sound of flowing or falling water is never heard, one feels a fresh compassion for the thirsty Israelites, who, on their painful journey out

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of Egypt found either no water at all, or found it too bitter to drink. The sympathetic reader finally takes on their symptoms, and finds solid satisfaction in a later record which chronicles the stop at Elim, where there were "twelve wells of water and threescore and ten palm-trees." Even more pleasant is the exultant description with which Moses cheered the weary hearts of the Chosen People: "For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills"; here we catch something more than the crass recognition of the practical uses of water. Moses was obviously a pragmatist with margins, for we feel in his description of the promised land a distinctly poetic response to the call of the many-voiced waters.

The same response to the spiritual glamour of water is felt in a fervid verse in Judges: "*The river Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon.*" Something almost like a suggestion of awe is preserved in this record; it was not only a river with all the usual lure of an on-rushing stream, but Age had also lent it her mantle of poetic mystery. One feels the thought of the writer drifting backward on the tide of memory, and conjuring up the scenery on its banks and the various traditions that may have been told of "Kishon, that ancient river, the river Kishon."

As the river Kishon flowed not only through the land which it watered, but also with vivid, throbbing associations through the memory of the writer, so every brook and river on the habitable regions of the globe keeps a double course, one within its own banks and another more perennial one in the cherished memories of men. For to all the water-writ melodies of Nature man has added the overtones of his own associations, glad, sad, and tender, national or personal, or both. To the German the Rhine and the Danube would still be very grandly rushing rivers and flow with undiminished majesty through his memory and literature, though their material waters had long gone dry. So would the "yellow Tiber" lave its secondary literary banks and the Fountain of Bandusia bubble up refreshingly in Horatian meters, though both the original river and spring had been sipped to their dregs by the thirsty sun.

So the Nile, the Ganges, the Jordan, the Thames, the Seine, the Dee, the Doon, the Shannon, and the Mississippi,

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like great characters, have woven themselves into the history, song, and story of their respective lands, becoming national assets, material and spiritual, whose value cannot be quoted in terms of the market-place, but rather in those poetic weights and measures which take account of starbeams and shadows.

More blithe and affable than the awesome mountain peak, the brook, river, and lake lend themselves to friendly association. You may fish in them, swim in them, bathe in them, row over them, sing over them, and make love over them, and find them faithful comrades who will match every mood of yours with one of their own. If you are great, they will reflect your greatness with the same selflessness with which they make themselves a mirror for the heavens, still all unconscious of the give and take which may make them famous. Avon and Grasmere are not merely the bodies of water which bear those names, but for ever haloed by their association with the greatness which they helped to foster. In like manner, Walden is Walden plus its associations with Thoreau, as Thoreau is Thoreau plus his associations with Walden and several other things, material and immaterial. In a still greater degree the rivers and lakes of the Holy Land have acquired a spiritual distinction which no body of water in secular lands may claim. Only mention the "Sea of Galilee" to a devout Christian, and you have tuned all his meditations to the pitch of reverence. A good illustration of this effect is given by Whittier in his poem on Palestine:

> Blue sea of the hills, in my spirit I hear
> Thy waters, Gennesaret, chime on my ear
> Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat down
> And the spray on the dust of His sandals was thrown.

In addition to the national and religious affection inspired by certain rivers, lakes, or other bodies of water, most of us have a more personal and intimate memory of some far-away brook or lake of our childhood—some gay little friendly brook, perhaps, that played with us, whose winning ways made us love all other brooks for its sake. Beginning its tutelage with a child, such a brook weaves a silver thread of poetry through all his early musings, and long after he has passed beyond the echo of its music his homing heart follows its winding curves over woodland ledge and meadow, as his feet followed it in days that have passed into the great river of years.

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So essentially poetic is flowing water to eye and ear, and so rich in its symbolic suggestions, that always it seems to give a gentle challenge to poets of all times: "I sing, sing, too, my little brothers." And the challenge has been accepted by almost every poet worthy of the name, from David and Job to the least erected bard of our own time. Overwhelmed by the baffling miracles of water, Job exclaimed in rhapsody:

"He bindeth up the waters in his thick clouds and the cloud is not rent under them." "He cutteth out rivers among the rocks." "He hath compassed the waters with bounds, until the day and night come to an end"; while of the sea, catching its very pitch, he wrote, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." These and many more passages like them show clearly enough that Job did not look upon water, in any of its forms, merely as a material necessity; the cloud interested him more than the fact that its contents might greatly affect his crops. In other words, he felt the poetic spell of water, as David also felt and reflected it in his Psalms.

Whether it plays a rôle itself, or serves as a highly dramatic background for characters of flesh and blood, water is almost as indispensable in literature as in life. What were the mythologies of Greece and Rome, or its great epics without the sounding sea, where the gods played fast and loose with mortals? With no sea as an undulating stage for his bouts with gods and goddesses an amphibious hero like Ulysses would be shorn of half his "god-like" charm. So long has one followed that hero, where the "rainy Hyades vext the dim sea," that one finds it impossible to think of him, even in his old age, settling down to end his days quietly with Penelope on dry land. One may be sorry for his intermittent widow, but one must agree with him and the poets that Ithaca was no place for him, but, instead, the murky sea, where Neptune could furnish enough conflict to meet the most exacting dramatic requirements. Yielding to the same sea-spell, which is a part of the aura of Ulysses, Tennyson puts these words in the mouth of the aged hero:

> Push off, and sitting well in order, smite
> The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
> To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
> Of all the western stars, until I die.

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Not only are the classics infinitely enriched by the waters which overflow the banks of life into literature, but by mythical reflections of fountains, lakes, and streams which furnish for distinguished shades allegorical comfort and a picturesque passage to The Happy Isles. . . . Lethe, Styx, and Acheron have won their right to existence as surely as if they had real banks with actual water running through them.

Thus all the enchantments which water lends to the earth are duplicated in a second incarnation in literature, where they perform the same mission of irrigating its barren places and making its deserts to blossom as the rose. The great dramatic stories of the Old Testament, The Flood, The Passage through the Red Sea, The Smiting of the Rock by Moses, and the Tale of Jonah do for the historical and genealogical plains of the Old Testament what springs and brooks do for the regions which they bless. In some instances the elusive message of the Water-spirit has been caught with such accuracy by the poets that it seems a clear case of verbal inspiration.

Many of the most haunting poems in the English language were thus born of water; witness Shelley's "Cloud," Byron's "Ocean," Arnold's "Dover Beach," and Tennyson's "Break, Break, Break," "The Brook," and "Crossing the Bar," not to mention "The Passing of Arthur," whose closing scene, in which the barge glides slowly over the water, makes an ethereal ending, a spiritual climax, ideally fitting for an ideal king. Launcelot, or a great many kings, whose names courtesy bids one suppress, might go down to dusty death the usual way without exciting reasonable protest. But there are other characters in fiction, and perhaps in life, who, in their passage to the kingdom of Ponemah, should go by water. This necessity was keenly felt by the authors of the old Anglo-Saxon epics. Unspoiled by the influences of an effete civilization, which might have robbed them of the kinship they felt with the great forces of nature, the heroes of those early epics made a fine dramatic finish, after the manner of King Scyld:

> Away then they bare him
> To the flood of the current, his fond loving comrades
> As himself he had bidden. . . .
> The ring-stemmed vessel,
> Bark of the atheling, lay there at anchor

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Icy in glimmer, and eager for sailing;
The beloved leader laid they down there,
Giver of rings, on the breast of the vessel.
. . . . . .
And a gold-fashioned standard they stretched under heaven
High o'er his head, let the holm-currents bear him—
Seaward consigned him. . . .

By the same dramatic intuitions of a sixth sense which guided the Anglo-Saxon writers, Coleridge used the sea as a background for his most memorable poem, as Joaquin Miller did for one of his strongest—"Columbus." In a word, if a poet will only listen closely enough to its tuition, any brook, river, or sea will half write his poem for him, if he will give it the right of way in his meters, as Schiller proved in his poem, "Der Taucher":

Und es wallet und siedet und brauset und zischt,
Wie wenn Wasser mit Feuer sich mengt.

The plenary inspiration of the Water-spirit is almost as unmistakable in single words of every language, as etymologists long ago discovered. Minnehaha, Shenandoah, Oscawana, Musketaquit, Thalatta, Weiden-Bach, or our own word brook, could never have been the names of rocks or mountains. Even more striking than the water-conferred music and limpidity of single words are the poetic clarity and beauty of almost every figure of speech in which water is the basis of the simile. The Bible is especially rich in tropes from this source: "Thy judgments are a great deep" and "Deep calleth to deep," sang David; and again, "All thy waves are gone over me," and "All my springs are in Thee."

Isaiah also abounds in matchless figures of the same kind: "Then had thy peace been as a river"; "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee."

Nearly all the poets and prophets of the Old Testament felt and made use of this poetic and spiritual quality of water, and the New Testament, in a heightened degree, continues in the sayings of Christ and his followers the beautiful imagery which it inspired. Although the number and the strength of the metaphors from this source have perceptibly diminished in the centuries succeeding biblical times, there are still numerous illustrations in every generation which show that the poets have continued to draw some of their finest and strongest figures from water in all its

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varied forms. "And joy shall overtake us as a flood," wrote Milton; and Shakespeare:

> There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune;
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

Equally happy in the same line of metaphorical inspiration was Wordsworth in his poems which have the most spacious atmosphere:

> . . . . though inland far we be
> Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
> Which brought us hither.

Again, in Emerson's "Two Rivers" we catch the fancy-loosing spell of water:

> Thou, in thy narrow banks, art pent:
> The stream I love unbounded goes
> Through flood and sea and firmament;
> Through light, through life, it forward flows.
>
> I see the inundation sweet,
> I hear the spending of the stream
> Through years, through men, through Nature fleet,
> Through love and thought, through power and dream.

Rossetti's "glance like water brimming with the sky," and Shelley's lines,

> Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
> Of harmony,

are other illustrations which prove how much more dependable water is than wine as a second aid to inspiration.

Even the twinkle of water—as well as some of its brackish bitterness—has been successfully reflected in a poem by Ben Jonson:

> And sunk in that Dead sea of life,
> So deep, as he did then death's waters sup,
> But that the cork of title buoyed him up.

Inspired by a less cynical water-sprite are Lowell's lines on the bobolink:

> Half hid in tiptop apple-blooms he swings,
> Or climbs against the breeze with quiverin' wings,
> Or, givin' way to't in a mock despair,
> Runs down a brook o' laughter thru the air.

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With more temperamental use of the emotional pedals is the water-music of Heine's " Fischermädchen ":

> Mein Herz gleicht ganz dem Meere,
> Hat Sturm, und Ebb' und Fluth,
> Und manche schöne Perle
> In seiner Tiefe ruht.

It is thus evident that not only for all the great experiences of life does water furnish a deep diapason of expression, but also for the lightest gossamer fancies, which it echoes at the other end of its ten-octave keyboard, its vapor, mist, and dewdrop end. Making use of this upper end and the soft pedal, Shakespeare improvised his fairy fancy—

> I must go seek some dewdrops here
> And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

And Keats, at the bidding of a sister muse, made as dainty numbers in several lines in " Endymion ":

> Just as the morning south
> Disparts a dew-lipped rose, . . .
> To summon all the downiest clouds together
> For the sun's purple couch.

A similar pianissimo rendering is the graceful air one finds in a stanza on " Rain," by Mr. Aldrich:

> We knew it would rain, for all the morn,
> A spirit on slender ropes of mist
> Was lowering its golden buckets down
> Into the vapoury amethyst.

Fingering the same marvelously responsive keys, Holmes gave us in his " Sunday Hymn " this religious modulation of Aldrich:

> Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign,
> All save the clouds of sin are Thine.

Nor must one forget, in acknowledging the debt of poetry to the many-voiced waters, the metaphorical wealth which is a by-product of a vast number of nautical terms and the poetical haloes of the mythical inhabitants of the deep. Without water, we should not have Triton and his " bright-haired daughters," the Nereids, sirens, mermaids, and sprites that wind in and out of the measures of the poets, leaving behind them eery echoes of river and sea, echoes

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beautifully caught by Euripides in "The Trojan Women," and as beautifully recaught by Professor Murray in his translation:

> Up from Ægean caverns, pool by pool
> Of blue salt sea, where feet most beautiful
> Of Nereid maidens weave beneath the foam
> Their long sea-dances, I, their lord, am come,
> Poseidon of the Sea.

Suffering little by close comparison with the Greek poet are the lines from Keats, written under a similar inspiration:

> The loveliest moon that ever silver'd o'er
> A shell for Neptune's goblet.

Though the land of the poets is pre-eminently "a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths," one also finds in the tablelands of prose many a refreshing spring and river. "Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in," said Thoreau, and if one examines the output of the best prose-writers of any century, one finds that it is often by the rhetorical use of water that they redeem their work from literary aridity.

ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN.

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A CONSTRUCTIVE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE—II

THE NEW HAVEN RAILWAY SETTLEMENT

Most of New England's 6,500,000 people live below the northern line of Massachusetts. In density of population Rhode Island stands first in the Union; Massachusetts, second; and Connecticut, fourth. New England's hundreds of cities, towns, and villages are manufacturing centers and its rural population is small.

Its long coast-lines furnishes an unusual number of good seaports. Boston is the fifth largest city in North America, and stands second to New York in volume of imports and sixth in volume of exports, the two combined amounting in volume in 1912 to over $198,000,000.

New England produces no coal, pig-iron, or cotton, and little wool. Most of its raw material is brought in by rail or water, and the greater portion of its manufactured articles reach other parts of the United States and foreign countries in the same way. Its manufactured products approximate in value $3,000,000,000 annually (in 1909, $2,670,066,000).

During the year ending June 30, 1910 (the latest year with available official returns), the New England steam roads had about 8,230 miles of main line, with gross receipts from freight and passenger traffic of about $130,000,000. Notwithstanding the fact that over one-half the territory involved was thinly settled, with scant railroad mileage, they carried 2,463 passengers and 1,203 tons of freight for every square mile of New England territory, while 327 passengers and 623 tons of freight were the average in the United States.

Not only is the prosperity of this region largely dependent upon transportion facilities, but, as its manufactured articles reach practically every town and village in

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the Union, its transportation problems affect a large portion of the markets and citizens of the country. Most of New England's freight and passenger traffic is with points to the south and west, and moves over various routes by land and water, some extending southwesterly from New England, some northwesterly, and some westerly. The New England shipper can reach practically any of these points over any of these routes.

The conditions described have prevailed since 1892, except that the railroad mileage has increased slightly and the traffic considerably.

The era of railroad construction found commerce moving almost exclusively by water to coastwise and river points, whence it was distributed, by slow and expensive methods, to a limited territory. New York City had the advantage of a central location on the Atlantic seaboard, with proximity to canal and river navigation, and had already outstripped most of its commercial rivals. Having no navigable streams of consequence, New England relied upon its seaports. It was a land of shipbuilders and seamen, a manufacturing center, and its fine harbors and great fleets of merchant vessels enabled it to hold its own commercially.

During several years succeeding 1832, short lines of railroad were constructed from various New England ports to the interior in a western or northern direction. These, had no western connections, and for many years all commerce still passed through the Atlantic and Sound ports, Boston getting the largest share as the terminus of a number of these short lines.

What is now the Boston & Albany Railroad was extended west to Albany about 1842. Between 1844 and 1849 the original line of the New York & New Haven Railroad Company was built from New York City to New Haven, with connections with various short lines to the interior of New England. These lines furnished the first railroad connections with New England.

Meanwhile New York City had secured several canal and railroad connections with the South and rapidly developing West, and within a short period of time these were extended and a number of new lines added. As railroad transportation was perfected, quicker service to interior points by rail began to supplant boat traffic. A large portion of this commerce then moved from these ports, and by the newly

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constructed New York & New Haven line, to New York City, to and from which it passed over New York connections to the south and west. By virtue of this condition New England shipowners suffered and New York City became the sole gateway for much of New England's commerce, giving the manufacturers and merchants of that city substantial advantages over those of New England in the matter of lower rates on raw material and manufactured articles.

To meet this condition the people of New England, about 1852, began seeking new connections with the South and West. By building or extending several rail lines to connections west of the Hudson River one new gateway was developed, another was secured by lines running in a northwesterly direction to connections at or near the Canadian border, while another resulted from the operation of steamboat lines from New England ports to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Norfolk, where connections were made with rail lines extending south and west.

By 1892 ten railroad systems, exclusive of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and the Bangor & Aroostook Railway Company, both in Maine, had developed by having absorbed most of the smaller lines by purchase, lease, or stock control. The two lines excepted have never competed in any substantial way with the ten systems and the New England boat lines.

The ten systems controlled about 6,500 miles of main line in New England, with freight and passenger earnings of about $78,000,000, the total mileage of New England being about 7,100, with freight and passenger earnings of about $80,000,000. Of the 600 miles not embraced within the ten systems, the Canadian Pacific and Bangor & Aroostook controlled about 500, and the remaining 100 were mostly industrial and narrow gauge and constituted feeders of the ten systems.

At that time the water traffic of New England (exclusive of boats running to and from Europe, local boat lines, tramp steamers, and bulk cargo carried in barges) was carried by twenty-one boat lines operated by eighteen companies. There were a few trolley lines engaged in passenger traffic.

Nine of these railroad systems were independent, and the tenth controlled by one of the others. Sixteen of the twenty-one boat lines were independent, and five controlled

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by three of the railroad systems. The trolley lines were independent and were beginning to compete in a small way.

Some of the boat lines transported passengers, some freight, and some both. The nine independent railroad systems were competitors of one another and of most of the boat lines, and most of the boat lines were competitors of one another and of the railroad systems. All of the ten railroad systems had southern and western connections, some at New York City, some at the Hudson River, and some at or near the Canadian border. Fourteen of the twenty-one boat lines had similar connections at New York City, Philadelphia, or Southern ports.

The New Haven Company was one of the ten railroad systems, and controlled two of the boat lines, and the only rail line from New England to New York City. It owned no trolley lines. It controlled about 850 miles of main line, mostly in the southern half of New England, and had annual freight and passenger receipts of about $16,000,000. It did not reach Boston, but formed parts of several through routes between New York City and Boston.

No new railroad systems have been built in New England since 1892. About 630 miles have been added to the ten systems, and about 470 to the Canadian Pacific, Bangor & Aroostook, and the short lines referred to.

Nine new boat lines have been established, several abandoned, and some consolidated. The trolley mileage has been greatly increased, especially in southern New England, and these lines have become substantial competitors of the railroads.

NEW HAVEN ACQUISITION

By 1913 the New Haven Company (by purchase, lease, stock ownership, contract, or partnership agreement) had acquired substantial control of nine of the ten railroad systems. It had repeatedly attempted to purchase the tenth, and, failing therein, had reduced it to a weak competitor. This control applied to about 6,500 miles of main line, with annual passenger and freight earnings of about $120,000,000, out of a total of about 8,200 miles of such lines in New England, having gross passenger and freight earnings of about $130,000,000 per annum. Of the remaining 1,700 miles, having gross earnings of about $10,000,000 per annum, about 400 miles, owned by the Central Vermont Railroad Company and controlled by the Grand Trunk Railway

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Company of Canada, substantially competed with the New Haven. The lines controlled by the New Haven Company earned about ninety per cent. of the gross freight revenue, and about ninety-five per cent. of the gross passenger revenue of all New England railroads. The New Haven Company had acquired control of, or the largest interest in, all of the existing boat lines except six, one of the six being controlled by the Central Vermont Railroad Company, three being weak and unimportant Sound lines, and two operating from Boston to Savannah and Charleston, respectively. This control applied to about eighty-five per cent. of water traffic (as above defined). The New Haven Company had acquired control of about 1,200 miles of the trolley lines in New England, including all in Rhode Island except about forty miles, all in Connecticut except about one hundred, substantially all in Central and Western Massachusetts, and practically all extending from New York City and vicinity into New England. These trolley roads crossed State lines at many points, paralleled lines of the New Haven Company for hundreds of miles, and some of them constituted through routes from the suburbs of New York City to within some fifteen miles of Boston.

FINANCIAL RESULTS OF MONOPOLY

The history of the New Haven presents no exception to the rule that monopolies in time fall of their own weight and decadence. This is illustrated by a comparison of the financial status of the properties involved in 1892 and now.

In 1892 the condition of the New Haven was first-class in every respect. The stock sold readily in the neighborhood of $180 per share, its dividends for years had been substantial and regularly paid, and its securities were regarded as gilt-edge in every respect. In 1913 it quit paying dividends, has a large floating debt, and its stock has recently been quoted below $70 per share. During the period in question its investment in its railroad property increased $165,000,000, while its campaign of general acquisition of transportation facilities and other properties increased its direct liability by $495,000,000, not including an assumed contingent liability of $82,000,000.

In 1892 the Boston & Maine Railroad (the largest of the systems controlled by the New Haven) was prosperous and its stock was quoted around $190 per share. After its con-

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trol was acquired by the New Haven it ceased paying dividends after an unbroken record of sixty-four years, and its stock has been quoted on the market below $40 per share.

In 1892 the original steamboat companies were generally prosperous, some paying dividends as high as twenty per cent., and the stock of some was quoted at almost fabulous figures. To-day none of those acquired by the New Haven are paying dividends, and the stock of the Merchants & Miners and that of the Eastern Steamship Corporation are not quoted on the market.

The Massachusetts and New York trolley lines are paying no dividends, the Rhode Island trolleys paid a dividend of about two and three-fourths per cent. last year, while the Connecticut trolleys paid about four per cent.

Complaint of service on the steam lines has been general and insistent, and in 1912 the Interstate Commerce Commission, of its own motion, undertook an inquiry into conditions, resulting in findings too familiar to need quotation.

The above results are not the product of Government interference, but resulted largely from non-interference.

POWERS OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT AND THEIR EXERCISE

The Sherman Act prohibits restraint, or monopolization, of interstate commerce, and the Department of Justice has no power under its terms to interfere with what might be termed the domestic organization of a railroad. For instance, it has no power under this act to dictate the officers of a road, or to determine its rates, or the trains it shall operate, or its schedules, or the character of service it shall render its patrons, or to enforce a liability of officers or directors to stockholders. The Interstate Commerce Commission and the various State commissions have jurisdiction over rates, equipment, finances, and other matters not covered by the terms of the Sherman Act, and whatever relief along those lines can be given by the Federal Government is through the machinery furnished by the Commission.

May 22, 1908, Attorney-General Bonaparte, at the direction of President Roosevelt, caused a bill in equity to be filed against the New Haven Company, charging a combination in restraint of trade in the holding by the New Haven Company of control of the Boston & Maine Railroad, and trolley lines in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, and praying that the New Haven Company be re-

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quired to relinquish such control; this did not include the steamboat lines on Long Island Sound, or the Merchants & Miners Transportation Company, in both of which the New Haven Company had then acquired its interest.

June 26, 1909, Attorney-General Wickersham caused the Government's suit to be dismissed.

After the dismissal of this suit the New Haven Company entered into a contract with the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company to share equally the financial results of the operation of the Boston & Albany Railroad (which is leased for ninety-nine years to the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company). The New Haven Company also acquired a large minority interest (some forty-six per cent.) in the Eastern Steamship Corporation, which owned practically all the New England coastwise steamboat lines aside from those already controlled by the New Haven Company. It also acquired a few more trolley lines in Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New York.

Soon after assuming office in the spring of 1913, Attorney-General McReynolds determined upon a complete investigation *de novo* of the status of the New Haven Company in relation to the Sherman Law. As a result of that investigation the Government concluded that the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company had suppressed competition in various ways during the last twenty years, and had established a practical monopoly in railroad, steamboat, and trolley transportation in a considerable portion of that territory. The Attorney-General decided to institute a suit in equity to dissolve the monopoly, and a bill praying for such dissolution was prepared. In the fall of 1913, while this bill was being prepared, the new management of the New Haven Company opened negotiations with the Department of Justice with a view to ascertaining on what terms the latter would be willing to settle the contemplated suit.

The New Haven system is a consolidation of some two hundred corporations of different kinds, most of them having owned or operated railroads, trolley or steamboat lines, and the process of absorption has been going on during a period of more than thirty years. Many of these corporations have been kept alive, some are holding companies for the New Haven, the property of many is leased to the New Haven, and others are controlled through ownership of the

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majority of their stock by the New Haven or its subsidiaries.

It was utterly impracticable to reduce the New Haven Railroad system to its original elements, or to attempt to do anything even approximating this, as the result would have been disastrous industrially and financially, and would have introduced chaos into the transportation problem involved.

The Attorney-General indicated to the representatives of the road the outlines of an arrangement which he concluded would result in restoring a fair and reasonable condition of competition within the territory affected.

On January 10th the representatives of the railroad expressed a willingness to recommend to its directors and stockholders an acceptance of the requirements indicated as soon as the details could be worked out.

By March 21st the solution of this transportation problem, the most complicated which has yet arisen under the Sherman Act, had progressed so far as to justify the announcement by those conducting the negotiations that the general terms of the adjustment had been determined, subject to ratification by the stockholders of the New Haven Company, as follows:

(1) The New Haven Company to at once cancel its partnership agreement with the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company for the operation of the Boston & Albany Railroad system, and to restore that system to the exclusive control of the New York Central.

(2) The stocks of the subsidiary companies of the New Haven which control the Connecticut and Rhode Island trolleys to be placed in the hands of trustees—five for each State—and sold within five years from July 1, 1914.

(3) The majority stock of the Merchants & Miners Transportation Company, held by the New Haven Railroad, to be placed in the hands of three trustees and sold within three years from July 1, 1914.

(4) The minority stock in the Eastern Steamship Corporation, now held by the New Haven Railroad, to be sold within three years from July 1, 1914, and in the meanwhile deprived of voting power.

(5) The Berkshire (Massachusetts) trolleys and the New York trolley lines between New York City and Connecticut, to be sold within five years from July 1, 1914.

(6) The Boston Railroad Holding Company is a Massa-

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chusetts corporation holding a majority of the stock of the Boston & Maine Railroad, and ninety per cent. of the former's stock, in turn, is owned by the New Haven Railroad. The charter of the Holding Company prohibits it from disposing of the Boston & Maine stock without the consent of Massachusetts. The New Haven to secure from the Legislature of Massachusetts legislation removing this prohibition, and, when this is done, the stock of the Holding Company to be transferred at once to five trustees, and, after arrangements have been made to protect the minority stock of the Holding Company, these trustees to sell the Boston & Maine stock prior to January 1, 1917.

(7) Whether the New Haven Railroad shall be permitted to retain the Sound boat lines to be submitted to the Interstate Commerce Commission for determination under the provisions of the Panama Canal Act.

(8) A decree embodying the foregoing to be entered in the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York. The decree to further provide that upon application of the New Haven Railroad, or the trustees, and for good cause shown, the time within which any of the above-mentioned stocks shall be sold may be extended by the court.

(9) Messrs. Frank P. Carpenter of Manchester, N. H., Henry B. Day of Boston, Mass., James L. Doherty of Springfield, Mass., Charles P. Hall of Boston, Mass., and Judge Marcus P. Knowlton of Springfield, Mass., to be trustees for the Boston & Maine stock. Messrs. Lyman B. Brainerd of Hartford, Conn., Charles Cheney of South Manchester, Conn., George E. Hill of Bridgeport, Conn., William W. Hyde of Hartford, Conn., and Judge Walter C. Noyes of New London, Conn., to be trustees of the Connecticut trolleys. Messrs. John O. Ames, John P. Farnsworth, Rathbone Gardner, Theodore Francis Green, and Charles C. Mumford, of Providence, R. I., to be trustees of the Rhode Island trolleys. All these trustees are men of high character and ability.

On April 21st at a stockholders' meeting of the New Haven Company, approximately 1,000,000 shares were voted in favor of the adjustment offered and 700 against it.

The Legislature of Massachusetts is now considering the Governor's message recommending the enabling legislation permitting the New Haven Company to part with its con-

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trol of the Boston & Maine system, and it is assumed that the necessary power will be given and the contemplated decree entered within the next few weeks.

GENERAL EFFECT

The following results have accrued, or will accrue, from the proposed arrangement:

(1) The New Haven Company has already canceled its partnership arrangement with the New York Central for the operation of the Boston & Albany system, extending in a westerly direction from Boston through central Massachusetts to the Hudson River, the competitive independence of this system (about 400 miles) being restored.

(2) The stock of each of the trolley systems of Connecticut and Rhode Island will be placed in the hands of five trustees. It will be the duty of each body of trustees to control the operations of the trolley system in its hands and maintain it independent of the New Haven Company, and with due regard for the public interest, until the stock in question has been disposed of.

A decree is to be rendered by the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York carrying out the terms of the arrangement, and the five trustees will become parties to the suit and officers of the court to carry out the proposed adjustment. Machinery will be provided by the court preventing the stock from being offered to the stockholders of the New Haven Company as a class, either in proportion to their stockholdings or otherwise, or being sold to the New Haven Company, or to any person or corporation to be held in its interest directly or indirectly, or to re-establish in any manner the combination and control which it is the purpose of the arrangement to terminate.

(3) The Merchants & Miners Transportation Company operates two lines of steamers out of Boston and two out of Providence, reaching Philadelphia, Newport News, Norfolk, and Baltimore, and the New Haven Railroad Company owned about fifty-two per cent. of the stock of this transportation company. This stock has already been sold to independent owners with the above-mentioned safeguards against its continued control by the New Haven Company, or any person or corporation acting directly or indirectly in its interests, and the steamship lines in question have already become competitors of the New Haven Company.

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(4) The Eastern Steamship Corporation operates lines of steamers from Boston to New York and various New England ports, and some forty-six per cent. of its stock is owned by the New Haven Railroad. This stock will be deprived of voting power at once, and sold within three years from July 1, 1914, with similar safeguards against control by the New Haven Company, as in the case of the Connecticut and Rhode Island trolleys.

(5) The Massachusetts and New York trolleys will be disposed of within five years from July 1, 1914, with similar safeguards against control by the New Haven Company.

(6) The Boston & Maine Railroad Company operates or controls a line running almost directly west from Boston to the Hudson River through northern Massachusetts, parallel with the Boston & Albany system, together with some mileage south of the line in question and some 1,800 miles north thereof. Under the agreement contemplated the majority of the stock in this road, now controlled by the New Haven, will be turned over at once to five trustees. It will be the duty of these trustees to at once assume control of this railroad, and maintain it independent of the New Haven, and with due regard for the public interest, until the stock in question has been disposed of. These trustees will become officers of the court, as in the case of those of the Connecticut and Rhode Island trolleys, and the same safeguards will be provided by the decree against control of the Boston & Maine Railroad by the New Haven. The effect of this part of the arrangement will be to restore at once competition with the New Haven Company over the entire mileage (some 3,200) now controlled by the Boston & Maine.

(7) The New Haven Railroad controls, through the ownership of the entire stock of the New England Steamship Company and the Hartford & New York Transportation Company, eight lines of steamers plying between New York and various Sound ports, and whether it shall be permitted to retain these lines will be determined by the Interstate Commerce Commission under the terms of the Panama Canal Act.

From the above it will be seen that the *immediate result* of the arrangement is the operation, independent of the New Haven Railroad, of the steam lines of the Boston & Albany and Boston & Maine systems and of the Connecticut and Rhode Island trolley lines; the independent handling

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of the interest of the New Haven Railroad Company in the outside steamboat lines, with the final disposition of all the New Haven's interest in all these properties, as well as in its Massachusetts and New York trolleys, under orders of the court, within the time specified, and to persons other than the New Haven Railroad or persons or corporations controlled by it.

It is believed by the Government that the proposed arrangement is fair and reasonable, and will result in restoring a substantial condition of competition in transportation within the territory in question.

The contemplated adjustment will free from New Haven control steam roads having about 3,600 miles of main line out of about 6,500 miles now dominated by it. About 3,200 miles of this 3,600 belongs to the Boston & Maine system and constitutes three of the nine New England lines controlled by the New Haven, while the remaining 400 miles so freed constitutes another one of the said nine roads, being the Boston & Albany. The Boston & Maine and the Boston & Albany each constitute a distinct transportation unit, with rolling stock, operating force, and necessary equipment, and each can be operated as an independent unit and in competition with the New Haven. The Boston & Maine controls the Fitchburg Line, running directly west from Boston to the Hudson River, where it has its southern and western connections, and it likewise controls several lines extending from Central New England to the northwest, with connections at the Canadian border with the South and West. The Boston & Albany system extends in a westerly direction from Boston to the Hudson River, where it has its connections with the South and West, and all of the lines referred to will become competitors of the New Haven under independent managements, competing for traffic to and from the South and West with the rail lines of the New Haven running west to the Hudson River and southwest to New York City.

The Merchants & Miners Transportation Company and the Eastern Steamship Corporation are each transportation units, with all necessary operating force, boats, and terminals, connecting at various points with the Boston & Maine and Boston & Albany railroads, and, under independent managements, will furnish natural connections with those lines between New England points and between New Eng-

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land and New York City, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and the South. As in former years, when the Boston & Maine, the Fitchburg, and the Boston & Albany were independent systems, these boat lines will make joint rates with the independent railroads provided for by the proposed arrangement, giving joint rail and water transportation from all Central and Northern New England to the South and West in competition with through rail lines between the same points.

The New England Steamship Company and the Hartford & New York Transportation Company are each transportation units, with all necessary operating force, boats, and terminals, and in case the Interstate Commerce Commission requires the New Haven to surrender the five Sound lines operated by the first and the three Sound lines operated by the second, and the New Haven Company sells the stock of these two steamboat companies, they will likewise furnish competing transportation agencies between the various Sound lines and New York City in competition with the New Haven rail lines, and will also become parts of joint rail and water routes between various interior New England points and New York City and beyond in competition with the New Haven rail lines.

The New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts trolley lines, connecting with one another and with the various Sound boat lines, will constitute transportation units, with all necessary operating force, equipment, and terminals, to enable them to compete with the steam lines of the New Haven, which they parallel for over 1,000 miles.

The New Haven Company will retain some 3,000 miles of main lines, mostly compact and fairly well improved and equipped, and reaching almost every town of any importance in Central and Southern New England. It will still have practically everything which made it a great and successful transportation system before the creation of the monopoly complained of was begun.

The Government has realized that the placing of the many millions of dollars of securities in question on the market at this time, or within a very short time, would likely result in disaster to the property involved and heavy losses to thousands of individuals not directly responsible for existing conditions, and it has given what seems to it to be a liberal time to work out the desired results.

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MUST THE CHURCH ADOPT CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HEALING?

BY THE REV. J. WINTHROP HEGEMAN, PH.D.,

Author of "Must Protestantism Adopt Christian Science?" and "Dr. McKim's 'Christianity and Christian Science,'" in the December and May numbers, respectively, of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

A CURE has been found for every disease. This cure-all inheres in the essence of Christianity. The Church as the organ of Christianity ought, therefore, to use it to do away with the causes of disease.

By its very nature this panacea should be able to heal every kind of sickness. It does. Throughout the world to-day hundreds of thousands who have been healed by it are using it to ultimately secure a sickless humanity. It is much farther reaching than the wonders of surgery, laboratory research, preventive medicine, and sanitary engineering in their campaigns against disease. Its possibilities of transformation stagger even the credulous, and for the very joys involved people fear to believe in it, saying, "It is too good to be true!" Christian Science has discovered that it is an essential part of the Christian life practised by Jesus Christ, and was obligatory upon His followers and used by them as correlated with preaching the Word, and for several centuries part of the programme of the Church. It claims that by the use of this panacea it has already healed every known type of disease, and also that the method of its application approximates that of Jesus the Christ, if not identical with it.

The suggestion that the Church adopt it seems to be the limit of superstition and presumption. The Church itself rejects it and denounces those who believe in it. Yet the Church has always believed in a sickless humanity, a happy land, but far, far away beyond this life in the Kingdom of

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Heaven. Christian Science, believing the words of Jesus Christ, affirms that the Kingdom is here now, in process of being revealed, and that none of its citizens should be sick. The consummation of this Kingdom of God on earth is not gained by the fiat of the Almighty, but by the process, necessarily long, in those who make its contents living realities. The point for the Church to consider is not whether it is politic or desirable to adopt this healing, but whether, if the contention of Christian Science be made good, it will exercise its function of healing, now nearly atrophied, and thus obey the command of its Head to heal the sick.

This would not be taking up work that is outside its province, because healing was one of its recognized functions for centuries. Nor would it be working with problems which others are better able to solve, or interfering with the profession of materia medica in its various departments. It would not ignore the evolution of society whereby specialization of functions has assigned to doctors the care of the body and to the Church the care of the soul. It is true that ultimately either the doctors will adopt the methods of Christian Science, as some of them now do, or a new body of practitioners will arise to heal by metaphysical means, as many are now doing. Of course, if the Church should take up healing as one of its duties it could not today use its former methods which were on the level of superstitions, fetishes, yogi, fakirs, and quacks. These were the best it then knew, although it should have known better, and they have entirely fallen out of modern consciousness. It could not try to cure insanity by torturing and scourging the body as a means of exorcising an obsessing demon, nor confine victims in the horrors and filth of a Bethlehem Hospital, contracted into the word bedlam as an expression of disgust and reproach. By a changed theory without drugs, Pinel in a few months put an end to such a treatment.

Nor could the Church use any of its traditional prescriptions, of which the following was a favorite: "Take the livers of toads and blood of frogs and rats in an ointment from the body of gibbeted criminals, or, put herbs under the altar, sing nine masses over them, and boil them in sheep's grease and holy salt. Smear the body with this, rub it on the eyes, make incense and frequent signs of the cross, and soon the patient will be better." It should be understood that the adoption of Christian Science healing does not mean the

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practice of medicine. This error is the basis of attempted legislation to forbid this healing. It uses nothing but spiritual means. The authorities did not condemn Jesus because He healed the multitudes. This healing is an act of religion. It is used by Christians in obeying their Master, following His example, and proving the truth by signs following. It rejects exercises of will power to control the human mind, or mind-healing, vibrations, mental coercion, telepathy, suggestion, hypnotism in any form, relics or fetishes. It is beyond Emmanuelism, because it makes no use of hypnotic suggestion and does not lean on the arm of materia medica. Because it opposes hypnotic suggestion, which is useless for healing organic diseases, it does not restrict its healing to functional diseases as Emmanuelism does, thus limiting God's ability.

The fundamental fact, which is the main factor of this art of healing, is that *there is a region filled with divine consciousness.*

In it there can be no limitations of time or space, because God is absolute, and must be therefore eternal and omnipresent. Nothing in it can be perceived by physical sense, because God is Spirit, and all the contents of this region must be spiritual. In that consciousness of Good, no thought of evil can anywhere exist, hence, unless sickness be of God and therefore good, it has no existence in Him. Where perfect Life is, there can be no inharmony whatsoever, and as sickness is disturbed harmony, it must be excluded. It is clear, then, that sickness cannot possibly exist in this region of God.

Can it enter somewhere in the unfolding of His Life? As First Cause, creating everything visible and invisible, can the effects contain any thing or quality that is not in the Creator? Can the stream of Truth and Love and Beauty, overflowing from the only Source, receive any tributary flowing in from any possible other source? If sickness entered any part of creation, God must have changed the character He had before He began to create. Equally unthinkable would be the existence of another power which could change the quality of anything that He had made and introduce discord into His infinite harmony. If God be omnipotent, the existence of a power hostile to Him must have been created by Him and endowed with the ability to oppose Him and mar the harmony of His crea-

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tions. That would mean that His creations were not perfect. Only perfection can be expressed by a perfect God. If imperfect, then there must have been imperfection in the Mind who thought the universe into being. He could not originate sickness without having first thought sickness as a normal condition of the man whom He created in His likeness. Sickness has no likeness to holiness, wholeness, health.

It is evident there can be no sickness in this region of God-consciousness. Neither can it exist as reality in any of His creations which are never outside, so to speak, of His consciousness.

Although sickness and its causes and resulting miseries seem such necessary experiences of our lives here, and although to mortal thinking it seems impossible to reconcile them to the presence of a good and all-able God, yet the fact must permanently and persistently be held that God is no different now from what He was before worlds began to be. Also that as He pronounced everything that He had made as "very good," it, as a perfect product, cannot be improved by adding anything to it or by taking anything from it. All His works are as perfect to-day as when He created them.

In this region of divine consciousness, where Love is ever active as the Principle of Life, unfolding into billions of types with their infinite variations, there must be now, as before creation, perfect harmony everywhere. As Mind has thought the idea wrought into creation, none can exist which does not express Truth, and is therefore not free from the false. The inhabitants of this region, where God is All-in-all, are filled according to their capacity with the divine consciousness. God is their habitat, and by constitutional oneness with Him they can manifest nothing unlike Him. Yet, sickness actually enters our conscious mortal life, and to those unable to rise into the God-consciousness it seems to be a duty to resort to physicians. As Mrs. Eddy has said: "Sickness is neither imaginary nor unreal—that is, to the frightened, false sense of the patient. Sickness is more than fancy; it is solid conviction."

To this false sense there is another region full of seeming realities. It is the realm of material sense, called by St. Paul the natural man, the old man, and carnal mind. It is at enmity against God. Its god is a compound concept

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made of attributes projected from this human mind. It has no existence in reality. He is cruel, jealous, angry, arbitrary, and changeable. Prayers and oblations and vows are the means used to induce Him to do man's will. He sends sickness, and therefore it is useless to ask Him to take it away, so man resorts to measures with which this god is supposed to have nothing to do. Such a concept has been saddled upon our lives by the Church, and even to-day is riding us into all sorts of fears and worries, hypocrisy and material worship. Sickness and sin are ultimately to be destroyed by catastrophism when this god shall throw into the rubbish-heap all his mistakes and misfits.

This region is made up entirely of negations of the positive realities of the region of God-consciousness. Its man is a counterfeit of the genuine superscription of God's image. He is a weaver of his own world, thinking and believing and imagining, and externalizing these concepts upon the material body. That is how he started, according to the second record in Genesis. The supposed ruler of this region is a liar and the father of it. It is the only source and cause of disease, inharmony, and limitations of every kind. Only here can be found the belief in sin, sickness, and death as realities in God's being. The real man, seemingly submerged under this false sense of life, protests against this by his belief that they are an enemy that shall be destroyed. This protest witnesses to the fact that God could not send anything which could possibly be destroyed. He looks by faith through the accumulated false beliefs up toward and a bit into the realities of the Kingdom of God.

A second fact entering as a factor in spiritual healing is that *man is the perfect idea of God.* Made in God's likeness, the very image of Him, his reflection of a perfect Being cannot be imperfect. Neither can it manifest anything which is not in the Original. This man, the reality, is a citizen of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth and not of the supposititious lower region of world, flesh, and devil. Not only not of the lower, but not a compound of both; not at all of the lower, and entirely of the upper, spiritual. The claim of a twofold nature is based upon the respective contents of these two regions. It is like the theory of the ellipse accounting for the orbits of the stars. There are two foci; the real center and an imaginary one. Progress in human life may be measured by the shortening of the dis-

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tance between them. Perfection can be fully realized only when God alone becomes the center. Jesus, in His movements about such a real center, had no imaginary center. Although he felt the pull of the world, there was never the slightest deviation from the sweep of the perfect circle of His life.

Another element in spiritual healing is that it is the *demonstration of the presence of the Kingdom of God here now, and the evidence of man as the likeness of God here and now.*

To make this demonstration was the mission of Jesus the Christ. He was made in the likeness of sinful flesh to prove that as the first-born among many brethren He was really the Son of God. Not even in Gethsemane, nor on the cross, did He lose the consciousness of God, even when the task seemed impossible and when it seemed that the Father had forsaken Him. By His works and words and progress out of the claims of the material through the process of daily ascensions, He showed how all could rise into the divine consciousness and there be free from every claim of the region of lies and sickness which were crushing humanity. Sickness, as one of the beliefs of this false region, must be overcome in the same way as sin, by that faith which would lift man into the region where sickness was never known. To the mind of Jesus Christ, the realization of His oneness with God the Father was such a sure conviction that He could not think of Himself or others as entities external to God, independent of Him or separate from Him, and therefore as being sick. His healing was simply not seeing the existence of disease as being more than a seeming reality, thus instantaneously causing its disappearance as light at once banishes darkness. He showed that Light, Truth, Life, Love, Goodness, and Beauty were never absent, and when the beliefs which prevented their realization were overcome, the patient realized that they always had been there. He reflected God and protested against every sense of being a person apart from God. "The works ye see me do, I do not of myself: the Father that dwelleth in me, He doeth the works." He used no will-power or suggestion from the region of the carnal mind life. He healed at a distance, because the Life of God who did the healing encircled all being and there were no limitations of space. The so-called dead were in the same Omnipresence and in that consciousness Jesus

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recalled them. Even with Lazarus the power of God, who as Life could have no thought of decay, operated immediately.

To keep in this God consciousness required constant watching and praying, Jesus spending whole nights in prayer. Even when in it, He failed to heal once, and perhaps many times, because the people would not by faith open their lives to receive God. In His native village He could do no mighty works because of their unbelief. Yet only by rising into this region of the Kingdom of God, in conscious realization of God, could healing be done. Jesus told the disciples, who wanted to know why they could not cast out the disease from the lad whom Jesus had to heal because of their lack of faith, that "this kind cometh not forth but by prayer and fasting." That is, if they would have the God-consciousness they must rise into it, negatively by casting out the interfering beliefs of the lower region of the false so as to be able to reflect health, and positively by prayer to so rise into the higher region of Truth that they would be filled with God and consciously realize the power to reflect health and harmony.

One may ask how the healing is effected from a physiological point of view. It is done only from the spiritual standpoint. How does truth destroy an error, or harmony a discord, or beauty ugliness? It is simply a normal condition realized which does the work. To win ability demands study, practice, and striving, and then ultimately man becomes master. Because God is Truth, any truth is of God, and if it be received, God is received in it. A truth acts on an error automatically and instantly. By molecular action through the agency of the subjective mind it removes the materialized effects of error. The approach of the positive drives away its negative.

It is plain that only the God conceived of as Love and Truth and Life, Spirit and Principle, and not God according to the anthropomorphic idea of Him, can effect this. Note that not in a single instance did Jesus resort to any material remedies. There is no evidence that any of His disciples used any power other than that of the Kingdom. The twelve were sent to preach and to heal. The seventy were commissioned to heal the sick, a command as obligatory as preaching the Gospel. When St. Luke, the physician, became a follower of Jesus, he healed only by spiritual power and knew better than to use his former remedies.

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Every case of healing was a manifestation of the presence of the God who is Love, Life, Spirit, and Truth.

This is significant of Christian Science healing. Christian Science is primarily the scientific religion of the Christ, and healing disease is simply one of the signs following its exercise. Note well that whenever and wherever men rose into the realms of God-consciousness and realized His Truth, Life, and Love, this supremacy of the spiritual mastered the material. It supplied the widow's cruse of oil and her barrel of flour, as well as enabling Jesus to feed the multitude with seven loaves and two small fishes. Nearly every case was healed immediately. There was no process of recovery, no reaching a crisis, no administering of tonics, no caution about diet or change of air. The sick were well at once, because the God-consciousness entered, thereby healing the error of their mind and removing its effects on the body. The inner man is always healed before the bodily normality results. Disease vanished into nothingness as soon as the presence of health was realized in the God-consciousness, just as an error in mathematics disappears as soon as the correct factor enters. This spiritual healing continued even to the early part of the fifth century in the days of St. Augustine, who records the following instances in his *De Civitate Dei, liber* 22. A blind man was restored to sight. In Carthage a case where a number of fistulæ were removed by the knife, one escaping attention, the doctors tried drugs, but in vain, and to the man's anguish another operation was necessary. The day before the operation friends prayed so earnestly that Augustine said in his heart, "O Lord, what prayers of Thy people dost Thou hear, if Thou hearest not these?" The dreaded morning comes, "the surgeon, with knife in hand, eagerly looks for the sinus that is to be cut. He searches for it, feels for it; he applies every kind of scrutiny, and finds a perfectly firm cicatrix." Innocentia, a very devout woman of the highest rank in the state, when told by the physician that she had an incurable cancer, betook herself to God alone by prayer. When her physician found, on examination, that she was perfectly healed, he asked her for the remedy, and, when told, said in disgust, "I thought you would make some great discovery to me." She replied, "What great thing was it for Christ to heal a cancer, who raised one who had been four days dead?"

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This theory of healing is further proven to be Theotherapy by the fact that when the Church lost the sense of God's presence it could not heal the sick. Whenever men realized the God-consciousness by their oneness with Him, like St. Francis, Luther, Wesley, Swedenborg, the Waldenses, and saints in all ages, spiritual healing reappeared.

Keen observers of events assert that the world is about entering upon a remarkable spiritual era. By many signs that is true. If so, then we would have once more the healing of disease by the same power which has been manifested in the days of spiritual men and movements.

We find that it has come in the remarkable spiritual movement called Christian Science, of which healing the sick is simply an insignificant manifestation in the material world of the Kingdom all about us. The claims of this movement as possessing the divine consciousness are based upon the same evidence that Jesus used to convince John that He was from God.

Mrs. Eddy writes:

> The marvelous healing power of goodness is the outflowing life of Christianity. It was the consummate naturalness of Truth in the mind of Jesus that made His healing easy and instantaneous. The master metaphysician understood Omnipotence to be All-power: because Spirit was to Him All-in-all, matter was palpably an error of premise and conclusion, while God was the only substance, Life, and intelligence of man.

The following evidence is submitted to prove that the healing marvels of Christian Science belongs to the region of God's Kingdom. In not a single instance were material methods resorted to. In every case the healing was claimed to be the result of the conscious oneness of the healer in God. Usually the patient felt this spiritual presence accompanying the cure, and rejoiced in that he was made whole.

Of these instances following the writer has personal acquaintance. One was of a physician on the surgical consulting staff of Rush College, a member of its faculty, and a member of the American Medical Association until he became a Christian Scientist. He had tuberculosis, and the prognosis was that he could live only a few months. He had depended on alcohol and heroin, and absolute irresponsibility, insanity, and coming death were the result. After treatments by hypnotists his

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physical and mental condition grew rapidly worse, until within a few weeks his reason was gone. After a week of irresponsibility, followed by two days of unconsciousness, a consultation of physicians pronounced him incurable and limited his life to a few days. The night before he was to be taken to an insane asylum a friend suggested Christian Science, and his wife consented in the same spirit of desperation in which any other useless thing would have been allowed. A practitioner came and remained three hours. He says: "At the end of the first hour I was quietly sleeping, and when I awoke in the morning it was with a clear mind and the absolute conviction, which has not changed since, that I was free and well. So far as I know, there is no instance in medical literature of the recovery of any one taking the amount of these drugs which I had been taking. The most remarkable feature of the cure was that there was no period of convalescence. The same afternoon I drove my automobile for two hours without weariness or excitement. Within ten days from the time I was pronounced incurable I crossed the Nevada desert, where unusual endurance and physical strength were necessary. I found from that day that my mental equipment was normal, memory improved, and soon fully restored, compound astigmatism healed, use of tobacco had fallen from me, and gradually a cavity involving the upper part of the left lung became filled with healthy lung tissue." Believing Christian Science to be a variety of suggestion or hypnotism, which he would incorporate in his medical practice, he studied *Science and Health*, and "many times I put it away with a feeling of impatience that the grain of truth which I felt must be there was buried by what seemed to me a mass of nonsense, yet I reflected that thousands of intelligent people had come to the conclusion that these things which to me were absurdities were really profound truths. I have not yet been able to disprove the statements, and so far it has stood all the tests to which I have subjected it. Of the whole list of diseases covered by the standard text-books, between thirty and forty per cent. are supposed to be incurable by the time that diagnosis is possible. According to Christian Science this whole list is wiped out; there is no malady known that has not been healed by this treatment." This gentleman is of a well-known family of professional educators, and his experience is typical of others.

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Such an instance is enough to satisfy any honest man that Christian Science did for him what materia medica failed to do, though applied by experts of the highest standing who used all the remedies known to the world of science.

One better known to the writer than this physician was a school-teacher and a preacher who healed himself. He inherited tuberculosis, liver complaint, chronic bronchitis, and dyspepsia, and suffered from the secondary troubles of kidneys, neuralgia, and rheumatism. Physicians and their remedies were useless. By the study of the Bible in the light of *Science and Health* he realized the power of Truth over the human organism. The first result was a consciousness of the reality of the spiritual. Some of his troubles vanished almost at once and others went and came back, but gradually disappeared, not to return. He was freed from every physical trouble and even economic difficulties.

He was led into helping others, and most of his numerous patients were healed and all of them were benefited. One was a man who within a year had fifteen physicans, all of whom diagnosed his case as valvular heart disease, and said that there was no hope. My friend was called in, and the attending physician, after waiting two hours for death to come, went away saying he could no nothing, as the man could not possibly last till morning. My friend gave him Christian Science treatment and in a few days the man was about, and in a few weeks was normal.

The personal experience of the writer in being healed and in healing proved to his complete satisfaction the presence of the Principle who was available in time of need. An attack of acute indigestion was healed by a physician in about a week; a more severe attack two years later was relieved within half an hour by a student of Christian Science; about two years after, another attack was healed instantaneously when he himself applied treatment at the moment when life seemed to be leaving the body.

According to the growth in his conscious realization of the factors of the Kingdom of God he has healed others progressively when called in to minister to them. One was a case of tuberculosis said by the physician to be hopeless. The second, of bladder trouble, diagnosed by the attending physician, who said the patient had only a couple of hours to live. After treatment he was much better and out on the

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streets in a few days. The other was a case of valvular heart disease. A specialist and two physicians said the patient was then dying, the death dew on his brow, and kept alive only by oxygen. Christian Science treatment was given, and the sufferer at once became decidedly better and slowly became well.

These are facts which cannot be disproved. They are confirmed in the experiences of hundreds of thousands. Why classify them with schools which merely heal the body when the physical healing is the sign of the inner spiritual health? Why speak of them as coincidences and happenings when the cure has synchronized with or followed the treatment, and had not done so with the medical treatment they had received? Why do those living in the carnal-mind region deny experiences from the spiritual of which they can know nothing?

The healing of Christian Science does not primarily aim at curing the disease or the patient by addressing treatment to either. The healer treats himself so that rising into God he takes with him those who organically are one with him, members one of another, to receive that which he realizes. He becomes conscious by the witness of the Spirit in him that he has drawn power from the same region which supplied the Old Testament prophets and seers, from which the Master drew His life, and which, he has demonstrated, is to-day available. This healing surely is an act of religion. Any one can use it who has the mind to, if he can get the Mind of Christ to heal.

That is the difficulty and the delimiting condition of successful healing. There must be a conviction of the truths of Being as contained in the divine consciousness deeper than that of the beliefs of the carnal-mind region in order to overcome the apathy and inertia and false beliefs which prevent the manifestation of the things of the Kingdom. The aim of religion is to clear away the incrustations, so that, like the cut diamond, there may be the beautiful reflection of the above region. The opposition of errors, cosmic, social, and personal, which cause disease, may be overcome by realizing that the public opinion of God and the universe in favor of holiness, health, is much more powerful.

It is not surprising that from the point of advanced scientists it is conceded that God ought to avail to cure sickness as well as sin. A prominent biologist writes, "As

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soon as we realize that the aim of medicine is not to destroy the disease, but rather to stimulate the resisting forces of the body, the whole logic of therapeutics assumes a new aspect." Logically, as there is no life or power in matter as matter, and all power is of God, his position leads to Theotherapy.

Why not give reasonable expectation of recovery to the thousands of invalids who could heal themselves so far as their spiritual ability is concerned, if it were not for the fact that they have been educated to believe that the power and love of the Father end as soon as the physician seems to be needed? Why not see the folly of erecting hospitals and endowing homes for the sick and suffering, while doing so little to destroy the causes creating their necessity? Would not our Government have been ridiculed if it had erected hospitals in Manila, Panama, and Havana, and had not used sanitary engineering and preventive medicine to destroy the causes of disease? The Church's touch has about as much efficacy as the King's touch when a hundred thousand touched Charles the Second, and never before did so many die of scrofula.

The touch of the Christ is to-day doing more healing than it did through Jesus.

Science has shown us the psycho-physiological fact of the externalizing of mental conditions upon the body. Why should not the Church inaugurate a special campaign for clean thinking of the Truth which shall etch health upon the body and destroy the causes of disease at their source? Unclean minds externalize filth conditions which produce yellow fever, cholera, malaria, leprosy, bubonic plague, and other diseases. A noble army of martyrs and heroes whose minds were clean knew that these plagues were not sent by God. They externalized their health thoughts in standards and laws, and applied them to the filth conditions and upon the ascertained carriers of disease such as flies, gnats, mosquitoes, rats, and fleas, and the pestilence vanished. In the Philippines they abolished small-pox, and reduced the number of lepers from five thousand to two thousand. The hookworm disease, destroying two-thirds of the natural efficiency of man, was easily overcome. By a knowledge of the realities of Being, Truth has worked to destroy disease through such men as Jenner, Pasteur, Ross, Lazaer, Reed, Carrol, Gorgas, and Ashford, and other devoted men and women.

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The higher levels gained through them must be maintained or else there will be a relapse to unclean carnal minds and the externalizing again of conditions of disease. No cure is infallible unless it removes the causes which make it possible. Christian Science the world over has been successfully applying its cure-all and showing how to heal the whole man so that sickness may be eradicated and prevented. On a lower sphere, preventive measures are holding back pestilence. The Church, pledged to a world campaign against sin, sickness, and death, and possessing the most effective prophylactic, seems stupid before its great privilege and opportunity. It seems to have a kind of hook-worm disease destroying its efficiency, or the sleeping-sickness interfering with a wide-awake ministry at points of need. It is not necessary to revert to the seventeenth century, with the plague destroying, in six months, in Naples alone, three hundred and eighty thousand lives, or to Europe in the fourteenth century, within three years, twenty-five million, and in China thirteen million. To-day the Church has its opportunity to begin a specific work against death, the last enemy to be destroyed, and to inaugurate the conditions for a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness, and in which the inhabitant shall never say, "I am sick." Shall the Church which must be about the Father's business, composed of personal followers of Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," be indifferent to the alleged fact that three million babies die, within a year of their birth, from diseases which can be prevented? One man has reduced the mortality of children in New York City by furnishing milk that is pure. Though a member of the Jewish Church, he has the Spirit of the Christ, and acts according to the science of Christ's Christianity.

Why have not the churches done more to save life? The wonderful healing by Christian Science has demonstrated the facts of the presence of the Kingdom as universal and its contents of God-consciousness as available to-day as ever, and that real man is only spiritual and as the likeness of God reflects Him to destroy everything unlike Him. Therefore the Church, having this cure-all and being an organ of Christianity, ought to obey the Master, whose last words were, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, and these signs will follow them that believe . . . they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall re-

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cover." As then, so to-day, "they went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them and confirming the word with signs following." Healing is one of the signs following the obedience of Christian Scientists.

That the Church may adopt this healing the following propositions are submitted. A sickless humanity presupposes a sinless humanity. The children of God, realizing their divine birthright, are free from disease. They cannot sin because they are born of God. When humanity ceases to think un-Godlike thoughts it will realize its sinlessness and consequent sickness. The Kingdom of God is now here and those really in it cannot be sick because there is no inharmony in the God-consciousness. All sickness has its source in the carnal mind region. This is enmity against God. The Church is commissioned to destroy it. A Christian is a kind of first fruits of the new humanity, a sample of the fruitage of Christianity of which health is one. A transformed life is secured only by the renewing of the mind to gain the Mind that was in Christ Jesus. The method Jesus used was entirely Theotherapeutic. His command to His disciples to heal was of the same obligation as to preach. The test of a disciple was doing His works. Healing was one of the signs which indicated the Christian. It was one of the effects of regeneration of the heart externalized upon the body. It was needed in the days of Jesus as a sign of God's presence. Much more is it needed in this material age to indicate the presence of God as Spirit and all His works, including man, as spiritual. This healing is sacramental as an outward visible sign of an inward spiritual grace and Life from above.

These are simply expressions of some of the contents of the Science of Christianity which are involved in healing the sick. Humanity must follow the example of its type, the Christ. If the Church would realize that it is the Body of which Christ is the Head, it would adopt His commands, which are to-day manifested as practical measures by Christian Science for the understanding that God is All-in-all and would usher in the glad era of a sickless humanity. As one has said, "The Church in its cosmic relations must know the universal Mind, feel the infinite Love, and obey the absolute Good, and so individually enter into partnership with all souls into the divine Beauty, Truth, and Life, and rest in the perfect Reality."

J. WINTHROP HEGEMAN.

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WHAT CHRISTIAN SCIENCE REALLY TEACHES

BY REV. RANDOLPH H. McKIM, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L.

THE May number of this REVIEW contained an article in reply to mine on "Christianity and Christian Science," by the same author who last December defended the thesis that "Protestantism must substantially adopt the faith and practice of Christian Science if its churches are to fulfil their mission in the world."

What now has he to say in rejoinder to my demonstration that the teaching of Christian Science is diametrically opposed to the articles of Faith accepted as fundamental by substantially all the Protestant Churches? He repeats his indictment of the Protestant Churches, charging them with desiccating the Gospel in its theologies, desecrating it in its materialism, and swathing it in cerements of dogmas.

In fact, the foundation of his whole argument is the thesis that Protestantism is a failure. Should we grant this proposition, it would still have to be shown that the principles of Christian Science would redeem the failure, and how could this be possible if, in adopting those principles, Protestantism renounced its own vital principles of being, and thereby committed suicide? Nothing less than this is the conclusion established by my comparison of the two systems.

But we deny that Protestantism is a failure. We affirm that it has won splendid victories in the past four hundred years, and is winning marvelous victories to-day in both Pagan and Christian lands.

Let us come now to close quarters with the argument.

This writer denies that Christian Science has put forth another Bible of its own, for which it claims infallibility. Let us bring this denial to the proof. Observe that Mrs.

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Eddy declares that the Bible is full of errors; it is made up largely of myths and fables. "The material record of the Bible is no more important to our well-being than the history of Europe and America." Until made plain by Christian Science, it is of no more value than "moonbeams to melt a river of ice." She proclaims that the Bible can only be understood when interpreted by her book, *Science and Health.* But this, in effect, makes this book and not the Bible our rule of faith and life. Just as the Church of Rome claims that Tradition must be accepted as the interpreter of the Bible, and so exalts Tradition above the Bible, so *Science and Health,* being made the only authoritative interpreter of the Bible, is really exalted above the Bible. You find the Bible teaching certain things, and you think you ought, therefore, to believe them, but Mrs. Eddy tells you you cannot believe them till you ascertain whether her book confirms the interpretation you put upon them. This book of hers, she assures us, is the only book in the world in which truth is to be found without mixture of error—the only book which can separate the chaff from the wheat and guide us through the false and foolish statements found in the Bible. She calls the teaching of *Science and Health* "divine teachings" (*Miscellanies,* p. 302). She says it "registers revealed truth, uncontaminated with human hypothesis" (*Science and Health,* p. 441).

If this book is all that she claims, what is it but another Bible? She puts it above the Bible, which she describes as full of error. For instance, "The second chapter of Genesis contains a statement of this material view of God and the universe, which is the exact opposite of scientific Truth" (*Science and Health,* p. 502).

Again, "The second chapter of Genesis, wherein spirit is supposed to co-operate with matter in constructing man, must be based on some hypothesis of error" (*Id.* p. 503).

Commenting on the statement that God formed man out of the dust on the ground, this woman dares to say: "Is it the Truth? Or is it a lie?" And answers: "It must be the latter."

Thus does this deceiver make the Word of God of none effect. Let no man build his faith or his hope on anything he finds in the Bible, until he has the meaning certified by Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy! She alone can certify the check and make it good! It is vain to appeal to the Bible unless

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you first put on the spectacles supplied you by this woman in her infallible book!

In denying that Christian Science has put forth a Bible of its own, this understudy of Mrs. Eddy lays himself open to the suspicion that he has not informed himself carefully of her teaching. He does not seem to know that she calls her book "God's Book," and "the Book of Books"—as truly authorized by Christ as the Bible: or that in her *Retrospection and Introspection,* she puts her book above the Bible, and in her *Manual* says, it is not "of human origin," "but God was its author,"—"I was only a scribe echoing the harmonies of heaven." This priest of the Protestant Episcopal Church should inform himself better!

One of the most serious counts in our indictment of Christian Science is that it handles the word of God deceitfully. You will find it using the terms and the phrases of the Bible, but when you examine more closely you will find it emptying these terms and phrases of the meaning given them in the Bible, or else absolutely denying their truth. It talks of God as Creator, and presently we hear it denying the existence of matter, and declaring that God never made the material universe! It talks of the Holy Ghost and of His work as Comforter, and then teaches that Christian Science is the Holy Ghost—so that the promise Jesus made to His disciples was not fulfilled till the year 1866, when Mrs. Eddy received her revelation!

It talks of the Virgin birth of Christ, and then bids us understand that the Virgin gave birth, not to a child, but to an Idea! It talks of the death of Christ—yet presently tells us that He did not really die—He only *seemed* to die! It talks of the Resurrection of Christ—yet gives us plainly to understand that He did not rise from the dead. It accepts the statement that we are reconciled to God by the death of his Son, but hastens to explain that it was only a *seeming* death. It talks about the Incarnation, but what it means by that is Christian Science. It interprets the sublime passage in Isaiah ix, "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given . . . and His name shall be called, Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace," to mean, not the Virgin-born, incarnate Son of God, but this philosophical abortion called Christian Science! Could anything be more blasphemous? She even writes (as I pointed out before), "The Star of Bethlehem

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is the Star of Boston " leading inquirers to the sacred spot where Mary Baker Eddy was to be seen!

Now this redoubtable champion of this latter-day cult challenges all my quotations from Mrs. Eddy's writings. They do not mean what I understand them to mean! They do not mean what they say!

How unfortunate! We are directed to *Science and Health* as the one and only Key to the Scriptures, as the infallible interpreter, as the one exponent of Truth that is free from error; and lo! it does not teach what it seems to teach, but something quite different! After all, we cannot find in it the pure Truth.

The interpreter must be interpreted! The infallible guide must be explained or corrected by some other tribunal! Even as the Pope's Infallible utterances must be subjected to analysis and interpretation before the good Roman Catholic can rely upon them, so the infallible key of the Scriptures must be put into the hands of some " science-expert " before it can be safely used!

We have at least the comfort that the oracle has spoken in the May number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW—so far we have guidance. And what do we learn by this inspired utterance?

Well, we learn that we must not take the utterances of *Science and Health* in their natural sense. The fact that Mrs. Eddy declares that Jesus did not die and did not rise again must be considered in the light of the further fact that Mrs. Eddy elsewhere affirms the Resurrection and the Ascension. That is to say, this infallible teacher contradicts herself—or else she uses the words " death " and " resurrection " in a sense not found in Holy Scripture. It is but an example of the way in which this crazy philosophy juggles with words. The writer in the REVIEW even challenges my argument that Martha's statement, " By this time He stinketh," is an evidence of death! He next denies that Christian Science has a Creed, and finds in my phrase, " the Creed of the System," a proof that I have not read Christian Science literature. Now I plead guilty to the fact that I have not read carefully much Christian Science literature, except *Science and Health*—that I *have* read—with toil and pain and difficulty, for such another jumble of ill-digested and inconsistent and self-contradictory philosophical notions I do not believe exists in literature. But I call attention

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to the fact that this writer, who declares that Christian Science has "no formal creed," presents us at the close of his article with a Christian Science Creed at least twice as long as the Apostles' Creed! O Consistency! Observe, too, that the Apostles' Creed consists chiefly of brief historical statements, not of elaborate dogmas. Its articles are simplicity itself compared with the Creed of Christian Science given by my critic on p. 733 of the May number of the REVIEW. He does not tell us when, where, and by whom this Creed was formulated. Apparently it is his own handiwork —his own statement of what Christian Science stands for. But, whoever wrote it, it is in many points contradicted by the teaching of *Science and Health.*

He tells us on p. 725 that the adherents of this System "do accept every article of the Apostles' Creed." In refutation of this assertion, I refer the reader to my article in the March number of this REVIEW, in which I have proved by the words of Mrs. Eddy herself that she denies every one of the Articles of the Apostles' Creed. I will not repeat the argument, but will just point out one or two instances of the contradiction between the two systems:

Our Creed says Jesus Christ was "crucified, *dead* and buried." Mrs. Eddy over and over declares that he *was not dead.*

Our Creed declares He *rose from the dead.* Mrs. Eddy declares, on the contrary, that *he did not* rise from the dead.

What kind of agreement is this? Here let me call attention to the similarity of Christian Science to the Gnostic heresies of the second century. Compare, for example, its doctrine with the following account given by the historian of the Docetæ:

"As matter is in itself evil, the [pneumatic] Saviour had only an *apparent body,* or else at baptism descended into the psychical Messiah." Again: "The death on the Cross was either only an optical delusion, or the heavenly Christ had left the man Jesus and returned to the Pleroma."[1]

In like manner Mrs. Eddy tells us that Christ did not die on the Cross; that His Resurrection was only a Resuscitation, and that after the "so-called Ascension" Jesus ceased to exist—Christ alone remained, and Christ was an invisible, impersonal idea. It is to this Docetic heresy that St. John alludes when he says: "Every Spirit that con-

[1] Kurtz, *History of the Christian Church,* p. 98.

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fesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God: and every Spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God: and this is that spirit of antichrist, whereof ye have heard that it should come" (I John iv., 2, 3).

Again: "Many deceivers are entered into the world, who confess not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh. This is a deceiver and an antichrist" (2 John, 7).

Thus Mrs. Eddy had her prototype in the Gnostic Docetæ of the first and second centuries, and St. John warns us that such teachers are deceivers and antichrist.

Let me now point out that Christian Science is, in fact, a *system of Pantheism*. To it the world is God, and God is the world. Man is part of God. It is therefore consistent with itself when it denies that God is a Person. No, He (or rather it) is a Principle. "God," says Mrs. Eddy, "is not a person." God and nature are the same. God is identical with man. There is no such thing as matter. God never created matter; so God is not the creator of the world. The world is not governed by a personal God, outside of nature, but by an eternal, impersonal Principle. But this is Pantheism pure and simple.

Accordingly, Mrs. Eddy teaches that "Prayer to a Personal God is a hindrance." How then can God be a Father if He has no personality? An incident related by President Faunce of Brown University shows the baneful influence of this system. A young man who had passed from Christian Science into Atheism was asked to describe the path he had traveled. He answered: "The Christian Science teacher began by persuading me that God is not personal, but is pure Principle. After some months, I accepted that. Then I said to myself: 'What is a Principle? Does it have real existence? Is it an entity or reality? I soon saw that a principle is an idea of my own mind, and when the Scientist dissolved my God into principle, I ceased to believe in any God whatever. I now believe in myself.'"

I do not forget that Mrs. Eddy says that Pantheism is overthrown by her system, but what then is the meaning of her statement, "God is All in all," and "All in all is God"? My critic reminds me that she grants God may be personal "if the term personality means *infinite* personality." But we remember that she constantly asserts that her revelation in 1866 was a "final revelation," and this was

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given body in *Science and Health* in 1875. Now in that book she commits herself irrevocably to the doctrine that God is not a Person, declaring that it was the error of believing in the personality of God that crucified Jesus. This error she considers the great fault of the Christian Church to-day. Hence we must appeal to her *final* revelation that God could not be a Person against her more recent statement that, after all, God is infinite personality.

Our critic complains that I misrepresent the teaching of the great prophetess of Christian Science by tearing the passages quoted from their context. Now it is easy enough to make such an assertion, but let him show the reader how this violence is committed! Let him tell us what possible context could reverse the meaning of such statements as the following: "Miracles are impossible"; "Jesus restored Lazarus by the understanding that he had never died"; "His disciples believed Jesus dead while He was hidden in the sepulcher, whereas He was alive"; "Jesus as material manhood was not Christ"; "Jesus suffered, but Christ never suffered. After the so-called Ascension Jesus disappeared, he ceased to exist. Christ alone remained"; "Man is incapable of sin"; "Is there no sin? The only reality of sin is that unrealities seem real."

Answering the question, "Why did Jesus come to save sinners?" she says, "Jesus came to seek and to save them from this false belief." Or this: "The disciples saw him after his crucifixion and learned that he had not died." Or this: "No final judgment awaits mortals."

All these are definite, positive statements independent of their context. Let the critic explain how any possible context could alter or reverse these assertions.

This *soi-disant* prophetess tells us her book is the infallible Key to the Scriptures. Then surely it ought to be intelligible! But when we take its statements in the natural sense of the English language, we are told that is not the meaning. The true meaning is something entirely different —not discoverable by a plain man who takes words in their natural sense. I will not contradict her when she says that some of her utterances make as much sense read backwards as forwards.

It is to be regretted that my critic should indulge in misrepresentation, when he alleges that I "condemn as apostates" thousands of good people "*because they do not*

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seem to believe in a Creed." What I did say was that "whoever leaves the Christian Church to attach himself to it [Christian Science] becomes an apostate from Christianity." And I stand by that statement. If I have proved that, taking Mrs. Eddy's teaching as the authorized teaching of Christian Science, it denies all those great historic facts which lie at the foundation of Christianity, then to accept it is to abandon the Christian Religion.

Nothing could better illustrate the inconsistency and absurdity of the system called Christian Science than the comments of this writer on pp. 730–732. When I show that Mrs. Eddy denies the Virgin birth of Jesus, he quotes in rebuttal a passage in which Mrs. Eddy says, "Had His origin and birth been wholly apart from mortal usage [the thing asserted in the Creed] Jesus would not have been appreciable to mortal man as 'the Way'!" (The meaning of this I do not attempt to explain.) When I show that Christian Science denies the actual, literal death and resurrection of Jesus, he quotes a passage in which the death and resurrection of Christ are affirmed in some unnatural, transcendental sense, quite apart from the sense in which the Bible and the Apostles' Creed set forth those facts. When I show that Mrs. Eddy declares miracles impossible, and affirms that "Jesus restored Lazarus by the understanding that he had never died, not by an admission that his body had died and then lived again,"—what has this oracle to say? Why, he utters a cryptic sentence, the meaning of which appears to be that we are not to suppose that "the falling away of the body extinguishes life." That is, a man's body may become a corpse and be resolved to dust—but his life is not extinguished—he is not dead!

Before closing this paper I must direct attention to the blasphemous comparisons made between the inventor of this new cult and our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. She herself indulges in such comparisons, never to her own disadvantage. She claims that the idea of God given through her is "higher, clearer, and more permanent than before," that is, than the one given through Jesus Christ. She encourages the idea that she was the Mother of Mankind, and alters the Lord's Prayer, accordingly, thus, "Our Father—Mother God!"

A recent writer calls attention to an utterance in the *Christian Science Journal in 1899* (owned by her) in which

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the claim was distinctly made, "without rebuke from her, that Mrs. Eddy was the equal of Jesus." The same writer tells of an illustrated book called *Christ and Christmas,* published by her in 1894, in which one picture represents Christ with a halo round his head, raising the dead, and another represents a woman with a halo round her head, raising the sick from a bed. She had identified herself with "the woman clothed with the Sun" in the book of Revelation, and put herself forward as the type of God's Motherhood. We are thus face to face with a new form of Mariolatry. Witness the following utterance in the *Christian Science Sentinel,* reporting Mrs. Eddy's address in 1899:

"It was not then Mrs. Eddy whom the people heard, but . . . the voice of God." Another of her worshipers, the President of the National Christian Science Association, writes: "There is but one Moses, one Jesus; and there is but one Mary."

In conclusion, I desire to say with emphasis that I bring no railing accusation against Christian Scientists. On the contrary, I recognize the purity of intention which animates them as a body, and the good which many of them have done.

This, I believe, is in spite of the erroneous system they have accepted, not because of it. My aim has been to show that Christian Science, as set forth in *Science and Health,* is absolutely contradictory of historic Christianity—that the two systems are fundamentally opposed—and that no one can *intelligently* accept Christian Science without repudiating Christianity. I say *intelligently,* because I believe thousands have become members of this new cult without understanding its real teaching. They think it is a new and improved interpretation of Christianity, whereas, in fact, it is a complete perversion and rejection of every fundamental fact of the Christian Religion.

To such I would make an earnest appeal to re-examine the subject in the light of the explanation I have made in my two articles of what Mrs. Eddy really teaches, and to reconsider their position. Is it not a perilous thing to attach oneself to a cult which denies the death and resurrection of Christ? which rejects His atonement for sin? which denies that sin has any reality? which forbids prayer to a Personal God? which reduces prayer to nothing more than the declaration of a principle, including no definite petition?

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Can a Christian man give his adherence to a religion which practically eliminates the two Sacraments instituted by our Lord Jesus Christ?

You will look in vain for any baptismal font in a Christian Science Church. And the Lord's Supper is dismissed by Mrs. Eddy as a "dead rite," [*Science and Health* (1888) p. 504], though the Mother Church in Boston does have about once a year what they call "a Silent Communion," but without the elements of bread and wine.

And, finally, can any man who worships Jesus Christ as his Saviour and his God be content to remain in association with a cult which puts Mrs. Eddy on a throne side by side with Jesus Christ—a woman with such a history as hers—an adventuress who stole from Dr. Quimby the systems which for years she acknowledged she learned from him, but afterwards claimed as a special revelation to herself—the founder of a religion which she cleverly manipulated for her own financial advantage, leaving behind her a fortune of nearly two millions of dollars, accumulated by the practice of her cult and the sale for an exorbitant price of her book—her new Bible?

RANDOLPH H. MCKIM.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH[1]

BY F. M. COLBY

PEOPLE seldom show to so great disadvantage as when wrangling over Bernard Shaw, and it is a comfort nowadays to find them settling down and inclined to take him rather more for granted. Time was when the production or publication of a Shaw play was followed inevitably by a sort of literary influenza. Minds that ought never to have been exposed to Shaw were sure to take him very badly, while the chronic Shavian was almost certain to become intolerable; neither sort could any more keep from writing a column about him than they could stop a sneeze. Shaw himself has turned this tendency to account in "Fanny's First Play," and his burlesque of the critics seems hardly exaggerated:

TROTTER *(wearily)*. And naturally, here we are all talking about him. For Heaven's sake, let us change the subject.

VAUGHAN. Still, my articles about Shaw—

GUNN. Oh, stop it, Vaughan! Drop it. What I've always told you about Shaw is—

BANNAL. There you go, Shaw, Shaw, Shaw! Do chuck it. If you want to know my opinion about Shaw—

TROTTER, VAUGHAN, GUNN *(yelling)*. No, please, we don't. / Shut, your head, Bannal. / Oh, do drop it.

The deafened Count puts his fingers in his ears and flies from the center of the group to its outskirts, behind Vaughan.

BANNAL *(sulkily)*. Oh, very well. Sorry I spoke, I'm sure.

TROTTER, VAUGHAN, GUNN *(beginning again simultaneously)*. Shaw— / Shaw— / Shaw—

From the spirit of these discussions it would seem that the effect of this stimulating or, at the worst, provocative

[1] *Misalliance: Fanny's First Play: The Dark Lady of the Sonnets.* By Bernard Shaw. Brentano's, N. Y., 1914. Pp. 245.

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writer has often been precisely the opposite of what one would have supposed—reducing the vitality, sometimes even impairing the minds, of the persons who read him. It is probable that the effect of Shaw on a literal mind anxious about Culture, or on an academic intellect already a little run down, is indeed very debilitating, and this may well account for the sort of articles we used to see in some of our more weighty periodicals. "Mountebank," exclaimed one writer, a professor of English, I believe, "mountebank, charlatan, and pygmy soul," and then added rather faintly, as it seemed to me, that if Emerson were to come to life again and meet Bernard Shaw, Emerson would be considerably surprised. Why, he is nothing but a jester, said another, and turned away his eyes; and meanwhile the word "paradox" was heard so often among literary commentators that it seemed like the quacking of some strange aquatic fowl. Amidst these rather unintelligible academic gaspings you could sometimes make out the more distinct reproach that Shaw, though undeniably clever, was, after all, that loathliest and most unpardonable thing, a self-advertiser.

Now among healthy haters damnation could not have taken on these sickly hues. Nobody in a lusty state of indignation would content himself with telling his enemy that he would occasion Emerson some surprise. Nobody in a normal condition would despair of a man on making the really cheerful and interesting discovery that the man was a jester. And as to the taunt of "self-advertisement," what possible sting can be found in a term that applies as well to John the Baptist, Alexander the Great, Job, Shakespeare, and Peter the Hermit as to Bernard Shaw? Yet a large body of Shaw comment, proceeding often from grave and learned quarters, and extending over a term of years, will be found, I believe, to consist essentially of these same harmless mutterings. He is a gymnotus to the literary commentators, whose minds when they touch him are always a little benumbed.

There was, to be sure, Mr. A. B. Walkely, formerly dramatic critic of the London *Times*, the one bright figure in that rather forlorn profession, for Mr. Walkely could no more help writing reasonably and delightfully about a Shaw play than on any other subject pertaining to the stage; but in the collected writings of almost every other dramatic

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critic it is wise to skip the inevitable chapter on Bernard Shaw. And even Mr. Walkely cannot quite rid himself of pedantic scruples and must needs get entangled in nomenclature and fidget over some such conundrum as, Why is a Shaw play not a play? after freely admitting that whatever the thing might be called it was about the only really desirable thing in a generation of British playwriting. Which rather punctilious attitude is duly noted by Shaw in "Fanny's First Play," where Mr. Walkely appears, burlesqued as Trotter, the dramatic critic, and is made to say:

I am aware that one author, who is, I blush to say, a personal friend of mine, resorts freely to the dastardly subterfuge of calling them conversations, discussions, and so forth, with the express purpose of disarming such criticism. But I'm not to be disarmed by such tricks. I say they are not plays. . . .

He declares sternly that he cannot remain in the house another minute if they are to be foisted on him as plays.

TROTTER. . . . You admire these theatrical nondescripts? You enjoy them?

FANNY. Don't you?

TROTTER. Of course I do. Do you take me for a fool? Do you suppose I prefer popular melodramas? Have I not written most appreciative notices of them? But I say they're not plays. . . .

TROTTER. . . . If you had been classically educated—

FANNY. But I have.

TROTTER. Pooh! Cambridge! If you had been educated at Oxford, you would know that the definition of a play has been settled exactly and scientifically for two thousand two hundred and sixty years. I don't mean in my sense of the word, but in the sense given to it for all time by the immortal Stagirite.

This brings to mind a good many thick and dreary volumes written by persons in this country who do not in other respects at all resemble Mr. Walkely. Had he lived among them, he would, I am sure, have long since recanted. They are the critics by the rule of thumb, who would leave no room for the unexpected. In this time of dearth they are engaged in the unnecessary work of proving beforehand that exuberance is impossible. At a time when the theater is not employed for half the purposes that it might serve, they insist on the limitations of the theater, and peg away at fatalistic definitions which shall exclude for ever the possibility of surprise. Let us be content, they say, with what the stage can give. Beware of breaking the mold, or of mixing the arts, or of failing to "allow for the right effect across the

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footlights,'' or of too much talk, or of thoughts too deep for a crowd, or wit too subtle, or matters too complex or poetic or fanciful. Yet of all times this seems to be about the worst for urging people not to attempt too much. It is a time when every reasonable playgoing body craves the very thing that is antecedently from the critic's point of view impossible. It was not the limitations of the stage that accounted for the fact that we all got so soon to the end of Mr. Pinero some years ago. It was the limitations of Mr. Pinero. Had the late Mr. Clyde Fitch been twice as large and strange, the stage would probably have found room for him. Crowds do not always suffer when good things go over their heads, and we all know that there have been dramatists who quite shamelessly indulged in poetry, theology, metaphysics, anything they liked, cajoling the many while they spoke to a few, or to one man, or to the men of the next century. Current theories of the stage seem never to take into account the fact that, after all, the moments do arrive when we encounter the unexpected and attain the hitherto unachieved, and that these rare moments are the history of the drama. There will never be a good play in this country till the playwright gets him a fairy godmother, and if that time ever comes I venture to say that the man will be a lawbreaker in the land of humdrum, and that no antecedent theory of the stage will have left any room for him. Any man with a high order of talent, like Mr. Shaw, will do things with his tools that are regarded beforehand as highly improbable; he will achieve successfully what all sober critics of the stage to-day would say it is silly to attempt. And as to the man of genius, when have the critics ever guessed in advance what he would be up to?

Some of the best criticism of Shaw has been written by Shaw himself, and put into the mouths of his characters. The "ideas" which he sets forth so triumphantly in the preface do not by any means have everything their own way in the play. The dramatic sense is too strong for him, and he cannot as a playwright remain exclusively a doctrinaire. In some of his plays no one who had not read the preface could have guessed the purpose, and even after you know the purpose it is hard to realize that it has been fulfilled. His own mind may be made up, but his wit is very impartial, and he bestows a fair share of it on the enemies of his cause. It is often astonishing how well the poor fools described in

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the preface acquit themselves in the play itself. Johnny, in the play entitled "Misalliance" in this volume, is to all intents and purposes an "ordinary business man," a Philistine, and a "chump." Johnny, to be sure, gets some hard raps in the course of the play and is left at the end of it rather discomfited. But he has his say, nevertheless, and makes out a pretty good case for his own stupidity:

JOHNNY. . . . I bet you what you like that, page for page, I read more than you, though I don't talk about it so much. Only, I don't read the same books. I like a book with a plot in it. You like a book with nothing in it but some idea that the chap that writes it keeps worrying, like a cat chasing its own tail. I can stand a little of it, just as I can stand watching a cat for two minutes, say, when I've nothing better to do. But a man soon gets fed up with that sort of thing. The fact is, you look on an author as a sort of god. I look on him as a man that I pay to do a certain thing for me. I pay him to amuse me and take me out of myself and make me forget. . . . If I buy a book, or go to the theater, I want to forget the shop and forget myself from the moment I go in to the moment I come out. That's what I pay my money for. And if the author's simply getting at me all the time, I consider that he's obtained my money under false pretenses. I'm not a morbid crank; I'm a natural man; and as such I don't like being got at. If a man in my employment did it, I should sack him. If a member of my club did it, I should cut him. If he went too far with it, I should bring his conduct before the committee. I might even punch his head, if it came to that. Well, who and what is an author, that he should be privileged to take liberties that are not allowed to other men? . . . But I do say that the time has come for sane, healthy, unpretending men like me to make a stand against this conspiracy of the writing and talking and artistic lot to put us in the back row. It isn't a fact that we're inferior to them; it's a put-up job, and it's they that have put the job up. It's we that run the country for them; and all the thanks we get is to be told that we're Philistines and vulgar tradesmen and sordid city men and so forth, and that they're all angels of light and leading.

He calls "Fanny's First Play" a mere pot-boiler and says it needs no preface, but he cannot let it go without a little one, nevertheless. In this he implies that the play is an attack on "morality." By "morality" he means "the substitution of custom for conscience." It is better, he says, that young people should have their souls awakened by a month's hard labor in jail than drift along to the end of their lives "doing what other people do for no other reason than that other people do it."

Is it any wonder that I am driven to offer to young people in our suburbs the desperate advice: Do something that will get you into trouble?

Accordingly, the young people in the play do get into trouble; they revolt against "middle-class respectability,"

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spend a month in jail with the full approval of their consciences, and in defending their course easily get the better of their scandalized elders.

It is no doubt essential to Shaw's purpose that respectability shall always be scandalized, for how else could his precious Life Force have its way? But it does seem at times a little monotonous. I do not recall a single play in which one set of characters are not being continuously shocked by the too bold thinking of another set of characters. It is all very well for young people to scandalize respectability incidentally while achieving their own ends, but that their lives should be narrowed down to the sole work of scandalizing respectability as an end in itself is, I think, a cruel repression. With Shaw the scandalization of respectability often becomes a restrictive routine quite at variance with his own theories of soul-expansion. Shaw's young people seem never to know what they want till somebody tells them what they ought not to have. They are not free; they are the slaves of eternal contrariety. Instead of "doing what other people do for no other reason than that other people do it," they will often plod along very laboriously in the gutter for no other reason than that other people walk on the pavement. Why their "souls" should "awaken" in the course of this rather mechanical procedure I never could quite make out.

In "Misalliance," Woman at the behest of the Life Force is still pursuing Man as she has been doing in Shawland any time these twenty years. "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets" is a trifle in which Shakespeare is the leading character. Nearly half of the present volume is taken up with a charming and altogether unscrupulous treatise on "Parents and Children," which any one who is inclined to believe in Shaw's "philosophy" ought to read in order to rid himself for ever of the notion that Shaw has a single philosophic fiber in his composition. It is a masterpiece of eloquent unqualified assertion in matters of which no honest man, capable of self-analysis, could feel at all certain. He curses his own schooling, says it taught him nothing whatever, and thinks if he could have been free of it and developed in his own way it would have been much better. But how can he judge of that? Had he turned out more Shavian than he now is, society would probably have hanged him.

F. M. Colby.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

ESSAYS AND MISCELLANIES. By JOSEPH AUERBACH. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1914.

As a critic, Mr. Auerbach represents both the literary and the practical modes of thought, and the combination makes for vigor and zest. The two volumes of his recently published *Essays and Miscellanies* reflect the enjoyment which a cultivated taste for books may bring to the busy man of affairs—to him, perhaps, in larger measure than to the mere litterateur —and they are further characterized by a logical tautness and trimness and a sober sense for real values which are reactions from a life in which intellectual keenness and soundness are constantly brought into play. As a lawyer, Mr. Auerbach loves clearness and completeness, and is ready to give reasons for the faith that is in him. When he attacks "the increasing disregard among us for literature and for style in composition," he makes his critical standards plain by an abundance of instances. Having absorbed the spirit of the great authors and seized upon their thought with thorough realization of its actual value, he brings sharply home to us the vitality of the relation between literature and life both in the private and in the larger public sense. With freshness and energy he writes of the Bible as a living force in literature, demonstrating with illuminating concreteness—through analysis of phrase and method—how largely modern style owes its best qualities to the Biblical element. Deducing from a study of the Bible narrative such lessons as that of parallelism—by which "the thought of one line is elaborated and reinforced by the succeeding line of similar import or of contrast"—he impresses his readers with a realizing sense of the practicality of the standard which the Bible sets, and of how superior to text-book rules and vague discussions of taste are principles based upon sound and appreciative analysis. Mr. Auerbach has a rather special message for the man of trained intellect who—as Joseph Choate phrases the case in the foreword he has written for *Essays and Miscellanies*—has "allowed himself to become so absorbed in the pressing demands of every-day life as to forget much with which he was once absolutely familiar and to have lost by burial in the gray matter of his brain the great thoughts of great writers which were once his own." The author's plan for a series of classics edited in collaboration by scholars and practical men of the world deserves wide consideration. Writing upon political as well as literary subjects, Mr. Auerbach impresses us by the breadth and honesty of his reasoning, while in his essay upon "A Club" he gives us, through his suggestive rendering of the sentiment common to a group of congenial minds, something of as much value as are his logical conclusions.

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IMPERIAL GERMANY. By PRINCE BERNHARD VON BULOW, FORMERLY CHANCELLOR OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1914.

Prince von Bülow's book is a frank exposition of German national policy, treating broadly, yet with unmistakable positiveness of conviction, conditions, tendencies, ultimate aims—a work by a living maker of history which in an unusual degree serves as a link between the historic past and the probable future. To write of a nation as Prince von Bülow writes of Germany requires an almost metaphysical talent. One cannot convey a just conception of a nation's evolution, destiny, and place in the world without evoking that elusive, easily misunderstood reality, the national spirit—a reality of which the higher wisdom, like the higher patriotism, must take account. This is what Prince von Bülow does for Germany. He gives a coherent, intelligible account of her as a conscious national entity. As his book seems sincerely designed to instruct Germans and arouse their patriotism, it is correspondingly enlightening to the rest of the world.

The line of argument used to justify Bismarck's policy is familiar. Prince von Bülow makes it particularly clear that "so long as the question of German unification was one of home politics, over which the political parties and the government and the people wrangled, it could not give birth to a mighty, compelling national movement." But the union of states was of course only a beginning; the tendency thus inaugurated went much farther than even Bismarck clearly foresaw. Statistics show that without her extensive foreign trade Germany could not begin to support her present population. To protect this trade there was need of a strong navy, but this could not be created without exciting the jealousy of England, in whose policy the maintenance of supremacy over the sea has always been the Alpha and Omega. From the moment when Germany's frontiers became safe from attack, her position resembled England's. The latter nation was bound to be inconvenienced, yet she never had any real ground for extreme hostility or distrust. Prince von Bülow dismisses rather contemptuously the English fear of invasion. His country, he insists, has been true to a purely defensive and peaceful world policy. At the time of the Boer War she resisted the temptation to strike a severe blow at England, aware that by so doing she would simply convert passive resistance into open hostility, and this at a time when there was arrayed against England only a seeming community of European interests. Germany cannot afford to be England's satellite, nor, on the other hand, does she wish unduly to antagonize her. It is true that at the time when there was most discussion in the press of a possible Anglo-German alliance, no such alliance was feasible, if for no other reason, because of the bad position in which Germany would have been placed had the Asiatic questions then pending between England and Russia resulted in war. But there is no real reason why Germany and England should come to blows. The two nations have much in common; they are good customers of each other, and England is not like France, who "moves in a circle round the thought of Alsace-Lorraine."

Of great importance in Prince von Bülow's discussion of foreign relations is his insistence on the distinction between international and continental politics. The latter, he believes, are basic so far as Germany is concerned. "With regard to international politics, England is the only coun-

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try with which Germany has an account. As far as all the other European Powers are concerned the contra-account of continental politics is the decisive factor in the attitude they assume toward Germany." And on the Continent Germany is tremendously strong in virtue of the Triple Alliance —a combination of Powers much more solid than the Franco-Russian Alliance, which is said to lack completely any permanent interests hostile to the German Empire which are common to the two nations. France, indeed, is to be regarded as irreconcilable, but the leadership of England in the Triple Entente tends to restrain her. Very illuminating as to the realities of the situation was the Bosnian crisis. In Algeciras Germany had a hard fight to uphold her claims against French demands, which had England's support, and at that time the English policy of "isolation" seemed to have succeeded so far as the grouping of the Powers was concerned. But the group of Powers opposed to Germany fell to pieces when a serious question arose over the annexation by Austro-Hungary of Bosnia and Herzegovina. In Prince von Bülow's opinion, "the attempt to extend the opposition between England and Germany into a system of combined international policy will hardly be repeated, and, if it should be, it will once more be foiled by the hard facts of continental politics, of which the very hardest is the Triple Alliance." Thus Germany in her foreign relations is made to appear as a Power too strong, indeed, to be denied her share in the world's affairs, but not so much threatening as ineffectually threatened—unlikely to be endangered, or to endanger the peace of Europe, because she knows so well where her strength lies. It is altogether a mistake, the Prince points out, to underrate the solidity of the Triple Alliance simply because all the allied Powers, and especially Italy, have interests that lie outside its scope. Italy might not be willing to go hand in hand with Germany and Austria in every possible complication, but neither would she become actively hostile to them. There is much wisdom in the remark of Bismarck to the effect that "it was sufficient for him that an Italian corporal with the Italian flag and a drummer should array themselves against the West—*i. e.*, France, and not against the East—*i. e.*, Austria."

In speaking of domestic politics, Prince von Bülow is not only frank, but sharply critical. The Germans, he declares, are quite lacking in political aptitude. The political parties are solid, inflexible, doctrinaire. Through them the old German tendency to separation is manifested—a tendency strengthened by the characteristic love of logical symmetry and by fondness for fitting realities into a system. Each one of the party programmes involves a whole conception of the universe, and, in consequence, Germany furnishes a rather specially good illustration of the truth that "in states not governed by Parliaments, the parties feel that it is their primary duty to criticize." A case in point is the naïve declaration of a man with whom Prince von Bülow once remonstrated for the bitterness of his attack upon the government. "It is my right and my duty," the man replied, "as a member of the Reichstag, to express the feelings of the German nation. You, as Minister, will, I hope, take care that my feelings do no mischief abroad." As a witty journalist remarked, the German parties have "a great deal of conviction and very little sense of responsibility."

The two great problems of German home politics are national questions and the suppression of the Social Democrats. What appears most manifest in respect to both is the need of a strong hand for the preservation of the national idea. To us the point of view set forth by Prince von Bülow is

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likely to seem strangely unideal. Here in America we have a different political metaphysics. Public opinion and not nationalism is our ultimate philosophical substance. We are very ready to assume that political difficulties such as the German government encounters are not only in part, but wholly due to the reaction upon the people of that rigid governmental system itself. But it is useless to quarrel with the results of historic evolution. Doubtless Germany could not have reached her present point of efficiency as an organ of civilization through a gradual development of democracy such as has occurred in England. In Prussia, especially, a timid or neutral policy cannot succeed, as history shows. The effect of such a course upon civil servants, the middle classes, the country population, the army itself, would be demoralizing. The positive, aggressive national policy, the continual hammering in of patriotism, the constant care lest the national idea fail to root deeply enough in the middle-class parties—all this, which seems curious, even repellent, to Americans—is the result of political necessity.

War upon the Social Democrats is openly declared. They are to be beaten, as they have been beaten in the past, through practical politics, through a proper grouping of parties, by so conducting the electoral campaigns that the Conservatives and Liberals may be able to unite. There is a great difference, Prince von Bülow shows, between the Social Democratic party in Germany and elsewhere. In Germany this party is radical, irreconcilable. Both the historic German virtue of capacity for discipline and organization and the ancient national vice of envy help to make the Social Democrats formidable. Their bitterness is intensified by the objectionable caste feeling so prevalent in Germany. To Americans, a state of affairs in which one whole party has to be regarded as a national weakness seems, of course, anomalous. Prince von Bülow speaks, to be sure, of the wisdom of utilizing all party forces—he would not, for example, *annihilate* the Center—but it is evidently not an easy task to secure any real unity of action. Practically there is continual obstruction.

Foreign observers profess to see forces at work in Europe—public opinion among them—which are tending to undermine the old principle of nationality. Prince von Bülow's book is a partial corrective of such views. It expresses sanely and reassuringly the point of view of conservative imperialism, encouraging the belief that the rulers of Germany will, at least for some time to come, continue to interpret rightly the meaning of her evolution. However unnatural and unideal some features of the German political system may appear to us, we cannot but perceive in Prince von Bülow's attitude a sane recognition of realities and much evolutionary wisdom.

THE NEW POLITICS. By WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1914.

The articles by the late William Garrott Brown which have been collected into a volume somewhat arbitrarily entitled *The New Politics*, were written at various times within the last decade—only one is dated as early as 1904—and are of varying degrees of substantiality. For none of them can be claimed the importance of the "special article" based on thorough investigation of one problem, or that of the essay which professes to open up a distinctly new point of view. But, on the whole, the reader will be

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inclined to agree with the judgment of Lord Bryce, that these writings are worthy of preservation. They have qualities which raise them above the level of the majority of even the more philosophical journalistic summaries or criticisms. Inclusiveness of thought, tolerance, a fine sense of proportion—these are truly "literary" qualities, which, when supported by an unaffected grace of style, secure permanent freshness and value, giving pleasure and producing a superior sense of conviction.

These qualities are manifest in the opening article, to which the title *The New Politics* rightfully applies. In this the author describes the modern phase of democracy's endless struggle with privilege, formulating with clearness and force a thought that has been gaining strength in the minds of many who are neither socialists nor extreme radicals. "Democracy's task," wrote Mr. Brown in 1910, "is twofold; it must secure for the State, the public, the people, some kind of effective, ultimate control over the natural sources of all wealth; and it must also secure in an industrial system no longer controlled by competition, protection and opportunity for the individual." The change in the conditions that determine politics is thoroughgoing, epochal. Even now old issues are being reshaped, and in particular the struggle over the tariff is becoming "less and less a mere matter of conflicting sectional issues, less and less a matter of contrary economic theories, more and more a part and phase of the great struggle between democracy and privilege in industry."

Mr. Brown was a particularly close and sympathetic student of the South, and his two articles relating to this section are genuinely informing. In "The White Peril" the position of the negro is discussed as affected by changed industrial conditions and by immigration. In "The South and the Saloon" the author, writing in 1908, pointed out the connection between the wide-spread temperance movement and the forms of religious belief most potent with the mass of the people. While somewhat skeptical regarding the permanent effect of a movement so largely inspired by a sort of camp-meeting fervor, he took the larger view that all moral progress is wavelike, and declared that whatever reaction might ensue, the saloon could never be again in the South what it had been in the past.

The articles contained in *The New Politics* are for the most part rather unambitious. In them there is little manifestation of what De Quincy called "a great combining intellect." But they prove William Garrott Brown to have been a true critic and a writer capable of expressing in many cases with clarity and elegance, the sense and inwardness of enlightened, liberal opinion.

ARMS AND INDUSTRY. By NORMAN ANGELL. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1914.

In Mr. Angell's new book, which is largely a restatement and reinforcement of the doctrines set forth in *The Great Illusion*, there is much fundamental truth. With most of the author's general contentions the majority of Americans, who are probably neither extreme militarists by temperament nor extreme imperialists by policy, will be little inclined to quarrel. And yet—searching as is Mr. Angell's criticism of the assumption underlying militarism and "classical diplomacy"—the unprejudiced reader will perhaps feel the need now and then of the proverbial grain of salt.

As between Pacificists and Militarists the discussion has become a battle

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of rival theories, with the result that upon either side hardly a statement is made that does not seem too sweeping, too little regardful of the essentially evolutionary nature of the whole problem. Mr. Angell, to say the least, indicates truly the *direction* of evolution with respect to war at the present time; nay, more, he proves it to have advanced farther than in some quarters has been realized. Yet he excites a certain distrust by talking as though the process could be completed almost immediately, and as if men could annul by an act of will the formative effect of the past. Says General Homer Lea: "National entities, in their birth, activities, and death are controlled by the same laws that govern all life—plant, animal, or national. Plans to thwart them, to short-cut them, to circumvent, to cozen, to deny, to scorn and violate them, are folly such as man's conceit alone makes possible. Never has this been tried—and man is ever at it—but what the result has been gangrenous and fatal." In such pronouncements there is an element of fatalism and of passionate belief in war as a necessary and permanent ingredient of human life. Mr. Angell replies with considerable pertinence that "this philosophy makes of man's acts, not something into which there enters the element of moral responsibility and free volition, something apart from and above the mere mechanical force of external nature, but it makes man himself a hopeless slave; it implies that his moral efforts and the efforts of his mind and understanding are of no worth—that he is no more master of his conduct than is the tiger of his, or the grass and trees of theirs; and no more responsible." Thus the discussion actually threatens to include the old problem of free will! But may it not be that the truth, so far as we can grasp it, lies between the extremes of absolute evolutionary law and absolute revolutionary free will? Nations, it would seem, are really organisms, governed in their growth by certain general laws analogous to those of physical organisms. Each has traditions, a character, aims, interest, sentiments, which represent—imperfectly, it is true, yet in a sense that still has meaning—the theoretic common aims and interests of its inhabitants. This, however, need not necessarily mean that public opinion and individual will are wholly unreal or powerless; nor that melioristic efforts—Mr. Angell's among the rest—are all in vain. The creed by which we live amounts to this: that between what is called immutable law in human affairs and what is called—with equal vagueness—free will, some sort of practical reconciliation is possible.

With an abundance of cool reason Mr. Angell points out that, as a result of the improvement of communication and the cheapening of transportation, "hostility based on the line of political geography" has become "irrelevant to real collision of interest and moral conflict." In this there is moral and economic common sense. It is evident that no two European nations display such difference of civilization as must lead to conflict; it is equally evident that the complexity of modern trade relations has brought about a manifold "intersection of political by international boundaries." At the same time we find it a trifle hard to believe that the governments of the world are all under a complete illusion regarding the economic effects of war. Is national evolution, we ask ourselves, capable of such an absolute *reductio ad absurdum?* The fact that each of the great Powers insists that its policy is purely defensive, disclaims the folly of invasion, and is obviously concerned about the peace of Europe, would seem to indicate that each has at stake real interests which are, after all, not easily separable from the national entity. The only rational explanation of their painful

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efforts to adjust these interests by diplomacy and a show of force would seem to be that evolution—including the tendencies which Mr. Angell so ably synthetizes—has not yet gone far enough to make practicable anything like a parliament of the world.

As an arraignment of war in the abstract, as a criticism of the mere fetishism of nationality, as a summing up of the influences that are making the settlement of differences by armed conflict continually more illogical, *Arms and Industry,* like *The Great Illusion,* must have great weight. As a complete philosophy of international politics, it leaves us somewhat unsatisfied, because it seems to share in part the grandiose universality of the military theories it was written to confute. Most thinking men will wish Mr. Angell Godspeed in his efforts to hasten the coming of world-wide peace; not all will find in this book conclusive proof that only stupidity bars the way to the realization of that ideal.

THEY WHO KNOCK AT OUR GATES. By MARY ANTIN. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1914.

The new book by the author of *The Promised Land* is essentially a plea —expressed with characteristic earnestness and charm—for altruism in national policy, for fairness, for sympathy. As such, it eminently deserves to be read—not that argumentatively it begins to cover the whole ground, but rather that through its intelligent emphasis upon the elements of idealism and humanity it adds something vital to a discussion that may easily become too exclusively scientific. Intuition, an intimate perception of what the immigrant thinks and feels, are of at least as much value as are tabulated facts and rows of figures.

"The Declaration of Independence, like the Ten Commandments, must be taken literally and applied universally"—this is the key-note of the first chapter of Mary Antin's book. . . . "If we took our mission seriously —as seriously, say, as the Jews take theirs—we should live with a copy of our law at our side, and oblige every man who opened his mouth about it to square his doctrine with the gospel of liberty." Such utterances are exalted, but strike one as a little extreme. They seem for the moment to ignore the old, painful necessity of compromise between ideal and fact—of taking thought for the morrow when we would like to live by faith alone. In close connection, however, with these expressions of faith occurs a more definite declaration of principle: "I do not ask that we remove all restrictions and let the flood of immigration sweep in unchecked. I do ask that such restrictions as we impose shall accord with the loftiest interpretation of our duty as Americans." The author, then, stands on the practical ground where theories and conditions meet, and in one point, at least, she agrees heartily with the scientific restrictionists: the artificial stimulation of immigration must be stopped. No one has put the case against the importation of labor with more passion and point than has Mary Antin. But her discussion of the economic and sociological phases, which the fairness of her mind obliges her to consider, one finds less than convincing—not merely because she declines to thresh over all the statistical straw, but because one suspects a certain falsity of emphasis. It does not altogether quiet our economic doubts to be reminded that "in Texas alone there is room for the population of the whole world, with a homestead of half an acre for every family of five, and a patch the size of

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Maryland left over for a public park." And the recommendation of "more evening classes, more civic centers, more missionaries in the field," as a remedy for the conditions resulting from imperfect "assimilation" appeals rather to our zeal for humanity than to our practical sense. Is not our educational system already overburdened? Is not the demand for properly trained educators and uplifters already greater than the immediate supply? Again, in casual comparisons of the ascending immigrant in the cities with the descending Yankee farmer of New England, there is evident need of statistical analysis if any real conclusion is to be drawn.

As we read *They Who Knock at Our Gates* we feel for the most part that we are but listening to one side of a debate—harkening to a speaker eloquent, indeed, and considerate in her handling of opposing views, but hardly an authority or a philosopher. It does us good to listen, if only because the speaker, offsetting one generality with another, shows us how much there is to be said on both sides of the question, and through her earnestness stirs our conscience. But Mary Antin does more than this; for in respect to immigrant sentiment and aspirations she *is* an authority, and she finely destroys the effect of such catchwords as "the scum of Europe." She tells us, for example, of "a poor widow down on Division Street who was complaining bitterly of the hardness of her lot, alone in an alien world with four children to bring up. In the midst of her complaints the children came in from school. 'Well,' said the hard-pressed widow, 'bread isn't easy to get in America, but the children can go to school, and that's more than bread. Rich man, poor man, it's all the same: the children can go to school.'" Facts of human nature such as this—facts that statistics cannot show—we shall take to heart, and they will influence our views.

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